Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVIII. No. 47 MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 20, 1903. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

THE RICH YOUNG MAN.

One Pastor's Method

(Sara V. Du Bois, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

The congregation in the little village of H—— —was in a strange commotion. They were a people well to do, and believed in home missions, that is, in sustaining one's own church and in giving in one's own household. Theirs was a handsome church, and strangers liked to come and worship with them now and then, if only to feast their eyes on their velvet pulpit furniture. The communion table, bearing the words, 'This do in remembrance of me,' was the pride of the ladies, while the stronger sex delighted in the church enlargement, done chiefly through their instrumentality. It was a common remark that the Rev. James Devine ought to be a happy man with such exquisite surroundings. But was he? The Rev. James Devine had a broad and consecrated spirit and a heart keenly awake to the need of sending help to other lands. His daughter was a missionary in Japan, and people said that was the cause of his interest. They hadn't the insight to know that had she not been trained in the spirit, the spirit would not have been hers.

How sweetly the church bell rang out on the clear morning air, and how one and another hastened to the house of God. Each was dressed in his best attire, and smiles and nods were exchanged on every side. It would be easy to forgive an enemy now if one had the heart to feel enmity with the sweet June air laden with perfume, and the Sabbath stillness entering the depth of one's soul.

Sister Gray had on a handsome corded silk, and charming indeed she looked in her little lace bonnet to match. She believed in home missions, even to the fit of her handsome new kids. And the Misses Larkin, in their dainty new summer silks, formed a picture pretty enough to please the most fastidious critic. Miss Jones, sharp-eyed and observant, was sure that she saw the minister look sidewise at them, as he mounted the pulpit steps. Brother Jones had on a new light tweed cloth, and the deacon, who liked to be considered a model in such things, looked almost clerical in his attire.

'Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,' sang the choir with a magnetism that lifted many a heart heavenward. It was so comfortable to be sitting there in the softly cushioned pews, knowing one's self becomingly dressed. A smile of satisfaction settled on many a brow, which the keen-eyed pastor noticed with half humorous appreciation. In a corner pew sat Mrs. Brown, a widow gowned in rusty black. She was narrow and penurious, a woman thrifty to miserliness. The home and foreign cause were alike dear to her, as was every other cause which appealed to the strings of her purse. Her pocket was deep down, and so was her heart, and it was a hard matter to touch either. She was deaf in one ear, and sat in a side pew, so that when there was an appeal for help she could turn that ear toward the pulpit.

But what did that determined look mean which crept around the pastor's lips as he announced the theme, Ah, foreign mission day, and they had forgotten it! Uncomfortable glances were exchanged as he read his text, 1st Thess. ii., 15-16: 'And they please not God, forbidding us to speak to the Gentiles that they might be saved.' With what righteous indignation did he picture to them their sins. He became even personal in his remarks. The rusty widow, whose sensibilities were hard to find, wilted a little in her black robes. 'Will a man rob God?' cried the indignant parson. And Fannie Larkin covered her new gloves, only to exhibit the better the costly fan in which she had taken such pride. She could give nothing now, as she had spent her whole yearly allowance. Little did she reflect that she was robbing God of his own.

Did the preacher never mean to stop. 'You give to God like beggars,' he cried, 'and some day as beggars you must enter his presence.'

The deacon in his new suit looked so

warm that his wife leaned over and loaned him her fan, which he vigorously used.

'Now,' said the pastor, 'I am going to resort to extreme measures. Before I dismiss you I shall ask each one to give to the Lord for his work.'

There was breathless silence as he descended the steps, his face aglow with enthusiasm. It was a lengthy work, but not a vain one. Some gave for shame's sake; others because their eyes were opened and they feared God; and many because they had been awakened from a death-like slumber to a realization of God's demands, and their own need of exertion if they would save their souls from shameful sloth.

Uneasy looks vanished and pleasant smiles were exchanged when the pastor, completing his rounds, said: 'My dear friends, I estimate this paper is worth eight hundred dollars to foreign missions. Let us give thanks to the Lord in that he has allowed us to give even at this late hour.' And they were dismissed.

That aroused people never slumbered again on the subject of foreign missions.

The good pastor smiles as he presents the cause to them now, knowing that his work of labor and love is not in vain in the Lord.

Have You Made Your Will?

(Margaret Bottome, in 'Western Christian Advocate.')

Many years have passed since the above question was asked by the physician of my noble father, who had hardly ever known a sick day in his life until he took the severe cold from the effects of which he never recovered. But he had not at all thought of death until the doctor said:—'Mr. McO——, have you made your will? If not, I advise you to attend to the matter as quickly as possible.' It was done, and then my father requested to have the Rev. Dr. Curry sent for. When he came, father said:

'Dr. Curry, since I was converted at the age of eighteen I have loved the Lord and have tried to serve him; but if I am going so soon and unexpectedly into the presence of Christ and the angels and the spirits of the just made perfect, I feel that something deeper must be wrought in me.' And he added: 'I have again and again been moved to seek for a cleansing power that I did not have, and now, if I am going, I must have that baptism of the Holy Spirit. I want to be made clean.' Dear Dr. Curry, who loved him, prayed with him, and then father said, 'Leave me alone with my God.' Never can I forget that night. Dr. Curry walked the parlors all night; my sweet mother was only just outside the door. As the day was breaking father called, 'Mary!' and mother went in, and when she saw his face—it seemed glorified—he exclaimed. 'He has come!' Yes, the comforter came, and for weeks he lived in the land of Beulah.

The first thing he did was to have us children come to his bedside, and then he asked mother to get the Bible, and told her where to find the words, 'A father of the fatherless, and God of the widow.' He told mother God would care for her and for all us children. He said to me during those days when the room in which he lay was 'quite on the verge of heaven,' 'O daughter, if I had only sought this baptism when well, then I could have told the church and the world what Christ could do for a human soul; but I shall never go to church again.'

He insisted that all his friends should see him, his political as well as his church friends—for he had held important political positions—and they came, and the leading military men of Brooklyn stood at his deathbed, and he told them all what Christ could do for them. But to everyone he expressed the regret he had not sought this baptism when in health. He said the Spirit had been true, and again and again he saw that this was the privilege of Christians; but the cares of business and the cares of one office and another that he held seemed to prevent him; but he regretted to the last he had not known Christ as he knew him after the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Why do we rob Christ by not receiving the Holy Ghost? We rob God! We rob the church! We rob the world! Christ needs us to express himself through us; and do we not feel that only by the Spirit having full possession of our bodies, souls, and spirits can he manifest himself so that he can be seen in us? Who will say, 'What I would seek for on my deathbed I will seek now, the baptism of the Holy Ghost.'

A Missionary Tract

The following told by Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, of the Telegu Mission, illustrates how much good may result from small beginnings upon which God's blessing rests:

Nearly forty years ago a tract, called 'Spiritual Teaching,' found its way into a Telegu village seventy-five miles northwest of my present station in India. It fell into the hands of one of the head men of the village. He was a high-caste man of noted probity of character. He read it, and then re-read it with more attention. It was the first that he had heard of any other religion but Hinduism. He had always longed for some help to get rid of his sin; this opened to him the way to get such help. He read the tract to his wife and his little boys, and told them it was so good it must be true. He read it to the neighbors, and some of them accepted its teachings.

At last he heard of a missionary who taught similar doctrines some seventy miles away. He went on foot across the then roadless country, through the hills, to the town where the missionary was said to live. He found him, told him what he had learned from the little book, and asked if it were true and if he knew about the God that had given his own son to save us from our sins. He went back and brought his family with him to hear more of this wonderful news. They were all baptized by the missionary, and the father placed his children in the mission school there to be educated, that they might make known these glad tidings to his countrymen. In 1861 I buried the old patriarch in a Christian grave. He was a man of strong faith and much prayer; he spent his last breath in sending up shouts of praise to his Saviour for sending this tract out to his village and through it saving him from his sins.

Two of his sons have since been laboring under my direction as preachers of the same gospel. The elder was pastor for a long time of the church at Palmaner. In 1884 I stood by his bed and saw him pass through the pearly gates. So much respected and beloved was he by all, that at his funeral, both at his house and at the grave, there was, besides the Christian congregation, a large concourse of heathen and Mohammedans present, and many a tear dropped into his grave with the flower or handful of earth that each one, Hindu as well as Christian, reverently cast in.

After the funeral a prominent Hindu said to me, 'Sir, he was a man who never ceased to tell others of his Saviour. When he was sick in your hospital, one of my family was a patient in the same ward, and I was there a great deal. Every day, and often during the night, he would gather groups of the patients and their friends around him, and read to them from the Bible, and talked to them of the love of Jesus Christ and of his willingness to take away the sins of all who would come to him and ask. Yes, sir, he was a good man, and we Hindus, too, mourn his loss.'

This was accomplished by that one tract that found its way all alone into that distant Hindu village.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Postal Crusade

Please acknowledge, with many thanks, the following amounts: $5 from Mr. Amos Taylor, Winnipeg; $2 in United States currency, from T. H.; $1 from A Friend in Toronto; $1 from Miss Wilson at Detroit, sent by Miss I. Smith.

I have no names of young girls in India to send to any one at present. As those who wrote did not enclose stamps for reply, perhaps they will kindly accept this reply through the 'Northern Messenger.'

Will friends who so kindly send in money for the work watch closely to see that their gift is acknowledged in the 'Northern Messenger.'

Four letters addressed to me lately never reached me. Two contained money. One of these was mailed in Ottawa, and the other in Montreal. It is always safer to send postal notes or post-office orders. Money in registered letters can be lost, and it is not the safest way to send money. I sent one once, but did not seal it with sealing-wax. It was opened, and the money extracted. It was never given back by the post-office authorities, as the thief could not be traced. Faithfully,

M. EDWARDS COLE,
172 Irvine Ave.,
Westmount, Que.

P.S.—A number of letters have reached me from India, to which I would like to reply; but I find that too much writing taxes my strength, and I trust that those who write will accept the 'Northern Messengers' which are being mailed to them as far better substitutes.—M. E. C.

Solomon took the world for a text and preached the shortest sermon on record—'all is vanity.'—'Ram's Horn.'

A drop of the oil of humility will save a man from a great deal of the smart of humiliation.—'Ram's Horn.'

Autumn Offers.

See the special autumn offers announced in this issue. The boys and girls have the opportunity of securing a premium and at the same time extend the usefulness of the 'Messenger' by circulating it among their friends.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Sandal Wood Box.

A week before Annie Parker died she called her nieces and nephews together and distributed her possessions among them.

'I have no real estate,' she said, 'and no investments worth speaking of, and I don't want to make a will. So I'm going to give my few treasures away myself, and I'll have the pleasure of seeing where they will carry the most happiness. No, children, don't cry. I am not sorry to leave this world and go to my Father's house, not sorry at all; I have had a beautiful life here, and I'm sure of having a beautiful life there, and everything is right, as God's will must be. Bless his holy name!'

She rested a moment or two, then said, in a clear voice:

'I give and bequeath my silver loving cup and my teaspoons to Cynthia, because she is a good little housekeeper and will keep them shining and use them with discretion.'

Cynthia Parker's eyes beamed, then dimmed.

'Dear Aunty,' she exclaimed, 'I hope and pray you'll soon be well and keep the loving cup yourself.'

'It came over from Holland, Cynthia, when this old town was new, and only good Christians have ever sipped from its brim. So I am showing that I trust you when I give you this heirloom. Martha Veil is to have all my laces. Eloise Snyder my great feather fan with the ivory sticks and handle. Willie Dean and James Cortland are equally to inherit my books, and may divide them to suit themselves. Horace Parker shall have my grandfather's mahogany desk, and Annette Parker, because she does not believe in Foreign Missions, is to receive my sandal wood box,' —and, after a pause, she added—'with all that it contains.'

Each of the young people accepted the bequest with gratitude, and Miss Parker being weary, postponed the rest of her gifts until another day. Her niece Annette lingered when the others were gone, saying, wistfully:

'Aunt Annie, you know I'd believe in Foreign Missions if I could. You know I've tried. I want to see as you do.'

'Yes, dearie, but you've been color-blind. That's why I'm leaving you my sandal wood box and its contents. Now, darling, don't bother me. I'm learning that we cannot all see eye to eye in this world. Many of us grope like the mole when we might fly like the bird, but we haven't vision. The chief thing is to love and serve the Lord, and that you do, my dear. He'll take care of the rest.'

A few days later, as softly as a child falls asleep, Miss Annie Parker dropped out of the place that had known her cheery presence, and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, she was at home with God. In due time the work she had done was taken up by others, and the people who missed her grew accustomed to doing without her advice, her efficiency, and the sunny sweetness of her smile. She was gathered to her fathers, and others reigned in her stead.

The sandal wood box was in itself most curious and beautiful. Intricately carven by the patient fingers of Eastern artisans, who never dreamed of haste, the principal figure on its cover was an image of Buddha, calm, mysterious, inscrutable, unfathomable. Annette put the box on her dressing table, and the faint, subtle perfume of its wood exhaled and penetrated the atmosphere. If she went near the table, the carven god arrested her attention. It seemed as if he challenged her, and made her look into his bland, smooth, secretive, impersonal countenance whether she would or not. She had glanced into the box, but its satin-smooth surface revealed nothing, and she concluded that Miss Annie had been mistaken in offering her something additional, but when one day she resolved on locking the box up in a safe, where the irritating tranquillity of Buddha could no longer offend her, she gazed at it carefully and discovered that it had a false bottom. This accounted for a weight which had puzzled her. The space between the false and the true bottom was lined with gold pieces.

Annette counted them, and found herself the richer by a goodly sum. She was a girl with a conscience. Her legacy had been bestowed on her 'because she did not believe in foreign missions' by a woman who had toiled and prayed and given of her abundance or her poverty as it happened that Christ's blessed Gospel might be preached to all mankind. She knew that Annie Parker had supported a medical missionary in India, that whatever wealth she had—not much, but her all—except her gifts of personal property, had been left to the Woman's Board. 'This gold,' said Annette, 'must be used as Aunty would have used it. But I can't give it with a free heart and hand and feel as I do.'

'Why do I feel so?' she next asked herself, candidly. The answer followed very swiftly, for she was in a mood of deep sincerity.

'Because I have taken no pains to fight against my prejudice. I have not tried to know the truth. I have read no missionary books and magazines. I have attended no meetings. On the whole subject I am densely and wilfully ignorant. Therefore I am hostile.'

Annette took the gold pieces and deposited them in the bank. She set the sandal wood box on her writing desk. The carven god, complacent as ever, was not now annoying. She thought that she would read and study about the people who preferred him to our mighty Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Annette investigated, and almost immediately she was impressed by the great and terrible need, the immensity of superstition and the depth of the darkness, the profound degradation of womanhood, the sadness of heathen life. Then came the wonder and delight of the reality of Christ's love. The self-sacrifice of the missionaries appealed to her, and the remarkable work that was being done in the schools for girls.

'I will take that money and visit India,' she exclaimed one morning. Six months after she had begun her studies. 'Of course'—she saw it in a flash—'that is what Aunty intended me to do.'

So to the land whence came her sandal wood box proceeded Annette, a seeker after truth. Whosoever honestly searches for truth finds it; and she returned a year later no longer an unbeliever in but an enthusiast for Foreign Missions.

I do not doubt myself that there was joy in heaven over this Christian's conversion.—Margaret E. Sangster in 'The Christian Intelligencer.'

Armour's Career as a Brakeman.

George A. Sheldon, depot master of the Lake Shore station, who died recently, after forty-six years of continuous service with the Lake Shore Company, was a veritable encyclopedia of railway incident, and his well-told tales, if repeated in his own select phrase, would rank as classic literature. His narrations were confined to actualities, thus giving them a real value. He was many years a conductor, and among the best of the incidents he related is the following:—

'One day there stepped aboard my train a well-dressed, business-appearing man, who as he tendered his fare remarked:

'"I see you are still on the road, Mr. Sheldon."

'"Yes, I am still at it," I replied, "but I am not certain that I remember you, though I think I have seen you before."

'"Yes, you have seen me before," emphasized the passenger; "and while you doubtless have forgotten it, I still remember that you once did me the greatest favor of my life. Come to my seat when you get time and I'll tell you about it."

'When I had finished collecting fares, I dropped into the stranger's seat and he continued: "Years ago I was four days brakesman abroad your train. At the end of the four days you took me aside and remarked in a tone of sympathy: 'I'm sorry to have to tell you so, but the fact is, young man, you are too much of a fool to ever made a good railroader. Take my advice and quit.' I took your advice and went into other business, and the result is, I made a fair fortune. I thank you, Mr. Sheldon, for your wise counsel."

'"What is your name?' I asked,

'"Phil D. Armour of Chicago," replied my ex-brakeman, "and I shall always remember your kindness. I was a stupid railroader, and you advised me for my good."

'Until this interview,' added Mr. Sheldon, 'I never suspected that Philip D. Armour, the packer, was the brakeman I discharged years before.'—'Detroit News.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS.

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of six subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for four subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen subscriptions o the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

Corry's Bright Memories

Corry stood looking from the big south window. There was a happy smile on her face, and her eyes were fairly sparkling. She looked so very merry that a young girl passing by stopped, waved, and then came up the steps.

'So you've come back to the old round again, have you, Corry?' asked this young girl as she sat down.

Corry looked puzzled. 'The old round?' she said.

'Yes, the country, I mean. Come back to the work, and'—with a quick little gesture—'everywhere! Everywhere tiresome, you know!'

'Tiresome? Why, I think it's all splendid, Amy!'

Amy's eyes opened wide. 'Corry Bliss, how can you be satisfied to come back to this mite of a place after visiting in the city, going to fine lectures and concerts, and having such a beautiful time? I'm almost sorry I went last winter. I have been unhappy ever since. There is nothing to do here, no pleasure to be had—just nothing! Yes, I'm sorry I ever went.'

'Why, I should be too, if it left me feeling that way,' said Corry, 'but you know I have never been so happy as since I returned.'

'But didn't you like it in the city?' asked Amy incredulously.

'Of course I liked it. That is why I am so happy now. Why, even if I lived to be ninety, Aunt Nan says, I would never get tired telling of the pleasant months I spent there. Of course it is true that one cannot hear fine lectures and have as many opportunities in the country as in the city, but the remembrance of what I have seen and heard will always make life sweeter to me. I saw all I could when I was away, because I thought I would have more pleasant memories to take home and share with those who could not go.'

'But I think that seeing such things only makes one more dissatisfied,' said Amy slowly.

Corry shook her head. 'It hasn't made me so, anyway,' she answered, 'I shall never be sorry I went. As Aunt Nan said once: "Any good and true experience is never lost. If you have a chance to see a fine painting, go and see it. Even though your work is very humble in life, the thought of what you have seen will make that work pleasanter;' and I think the reason Aunt Nan said that was because when she lived in the city she one day met her laundress in the art gallery. "Do you like pictures, Mrs. Higgins?" she asked. "Oh, ma'am," said Mrs. Higgins happily, "only the thought of them makes my ironing look so nice. I always think of that landscape one when I do your fine lawn, an' that's the reason it's so smooth." She said it so earnestly that Aunt Nan said she could scarcely keep the tears back, hearing her. That poor woman couldn't go to the gallery every day, but the happy memories of what she had seen made her work pleasant.'

Amy's eyes were as bright as Corry's at the end of this little speech.

'Why,—I—I—' she stammered, 'I never thought of making use of anything I had seen. I have only regretted! But after all it is good, yes, it is, Corry, to think that I have had so pleasant a visit.'

Neither of the girls referred to the subject again, but as the days passed, the petulant look left Amy's face. And it grew to be the custom with her, as with Corry, to tell others of the good times she had had; not telling of them with regret, but with a joyful ring in her voice which said as plainly as words: 'I will find joy in the remembrance of those times, not regret in the present. I shall do my work better for having seen some of the good and beautiful things in this world.' And truly the good and beautiful reflected themselves in her and made gladness and contentment shine in her young face.—The 'Canadian Churchman.'

Manda Jane.

None of us liked 'Manda Jane; we all said so the first day she came to school. Her dress was sort of old-fashioned, and too long for her; but it wasn't just how she looked that was the matter. I guess we thought there were enough of us without her, and we didn't want any more. You see, there were nine of us girls who brought our dinners—just enough for the three playhouses out under the trees, and besides, we all knew each other, and it's so much trouble to get acquainted with strangers.

'Well, we don't need to have her,' said Delia Kelly. 'We didn't ask her to come to our school, and we can go on just the same's if she wasn't here.'

So when noontime came, and the teacher and the other children went home, we hurried off and left 'Manda Jane to herself. She looked up as if she expected we'd ask her to come too; but we didn't, and after a few minutes she sat down on the steps and opened her basket. She sat there nearly all noontime, and we couldn't help seeing her while we played. Little Kitty—she's always so tender-hearted—wanted to ask her to come.

'Whose playhouse can she have part of, then?' asked Maria. 'There are only three places, and it'll make one of 'em all crowded up to have four girls in it.'

Well, none of us wanted her, and Kitty couldn't do anything without the rest of us, though she looked sorry. That's the way it went for four or five days. We found 'Manda Jane knew as much about her lessons as any of us, though her dresses were too long, and the other children liked her in games at recess; but we girls wouldn't pay her any attention. Our schoolhouse is in the country, in a nice woody place, and so we thought 'Manda Jane was going to look for wild flowers when she didn't stop on the steps, one day, but walked right past where we were, farther in the grove. By and by, we saw her moving about, as busy as she could be, as if she was making a playhouse all by herself.

'I think that would be awfully lonesome,' said Kitty, and I think we all felt a little sorry and sort of mean, only we wouldn't say so.

The next day 'Manda Jane hurried off just the same way, and the day after that, too, and we could see her flying about and fixing something. We pretended we didn't care what it was, but really we could hardly play at all for watching her. But the next noon, when we were getting ready to go for our baskets, she stopped us.

'There's a new store started down near where you folks keep house,' she said. 'and if you want tea, sugar, soap, or—or anything, the woman that keeps it'll give good measure and sell cheap.'

'Store?' we all said at once.

She was leaning against the teacher's table, her eyes all twinkly and laughing, and she looked almost pretty—ever so much prettier than Maria, who jumped upon the table beside her.

'Yes; I've started a store,' she said, 'and I should think you housekeepers would need to buy lots of things.'

We began to crowd round her, but she wouldn't tell us much, only to 'come and see,' and didn't wait to have her ask us twice. She had fixed up the prettiest place with moss and green branches! There was a nice, smooth stump for a counter, and scales made of strings of birch bark; there was white sand for sugar, and pebbles for coffee, and she had made cunning little paper bags to put things in. Oh, it was such fun! We bought and bought, and she gave us some real gingerbread—such good gingerbread that her grandmother made—because she said storekeepers gave things when they had an 'opening.' We forgot all about not wanting her, and almost forgot to play keep house at all, because we were all the time running to the store. She had so much custom that she said one of us might be clerk, but everybody spoke for the place, and so we had to take turns. It was the very nicest noontime we'd had, and nobody ever thought of leaving 'Manda Jane out after that; we couldn't do without her.

'How did you ever come to think of anything like that?' Delia asked her one day.

'Grandma made me think of it,' she said. 'You see, I felt a little bit lonesome, and I thought'—her face grew red and sober, and she stopped a minute, then she said the words right out—'I thought you girls didn't like me, and wouldn't ever be friends, and I told grandma there wasn't any place for me. "Make a place, then," she said. "All the world wants the ones that are willing to make themselves wanted." So then I stopped thinking how you ought to make it pleasanter for me, and began to plan how I could make things nicer for you.'—Kate Hamilton, in 'Sabbath-school Visitor.'

How to Retain Employment.

Be prompt in your attendance to business hours.

Try to see how much you can do and how well you can do it, regardless of your wages.

Be courteous to everyone at all times.

Keep yourself posted up to date in your business. Knowledge is power.

Tend strictly to business during business hours.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send eight new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' for remainder of 1903 at ten cents each, or four new subscriptions at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Trusted.

I was only twelve years old, and I think, the youngest and most successful pick-pocket and thief-in-general in Brighton. I had been driving a brisk trade for four years, and had never been 'nabbed,' nor even, I believe, suspected. I had a round, rosy, innocent-looking face, and very good manners, when I chose to assume them.

One wet, dreary day in October I was lounging against the railings in Albert Street, feeling rather down in the mouth, when a door on the other side was opened, and a ringing whistle attracted my notice. A young man stood on the steps, holding some letters in his hand. I dashed across and touched my cap.

'Can you post these for me?' he inquired. 'I am sorry to send you in the rain, but there is no one here to take them, and I dare not go out myself, as I am not at all well.' I noticed then that he looked very ill. He had a thick plaid wrapped around him, but he shivered in the damp air.

'I'll post them, sir,' I said quickly.

'Thank you. Here's a shilling for you. And will you also run around to Mr. Gordon's—the pastor of St. John's Church, you know, with this little package?'

'Certainly, sir.' But all my professional cunning could not keep the delighted grin from my face. That packet contained money; Mr. Gordon might bless his stars if he ever saw it.

I think the beautiful eyes read my thoughts. The invalid's thin white hands rested lightly on my shoulder, and he looked me straight in the face.

'I trust you, my boy,' he said gently.

'You may, sir,' I answered promptly, as I touched my cap again.

He put his hand to his side with a look of pain as he turned away.

I hurried off on my errands.

'I can't grab the tin now!' I said to myself as I dropped the letters in the post-box, with that gentle 'I trust you' ringing in my ears. 'No one ever said that to me before, and they hadn't reason to; but here goes to old Gordon's.'

I got a job that kept me all the next day. When it was finished I ran around to Albert Street. I wanted to tell the man who trusted me that for the first time in my life I had been worthy of trust.

With far greater pain than I felt when my father was taken to prison for breaking a policeman's head, I saw that all the blinds were drawn. With the boldness of a street-arab I ran up the steps and rang the bell. A woman opened the door.

'What do you want?' she demanded.

'Please can I see the gentleman that lives here?'

'No, you can't; he's dead.'

'Dead!' I cried, bursting into tears, regardless of the passers-by.

'Come inside, boy, and tell me what is the matter,' said the woman.

I sobbed out my story, and begged her to let me just look at my friend.

'What is the matter?' inquired a gentle voice, and I turned to see a young lady with fair hair and gray eyes dimmed with weeping.

'This boy wants to see your brother, Miss Graham,' said the landlady briefly; 'he says he spoke kindly to him yesterday.'

'At what time?' she asked eagerly.

'Late in the afternoon, please, miss,' I sobbed.

'Perhaps you were the last one he spoke to,' she said, trying to steady her voice.

'Come here and tell me what he said.'

I repeated it all.

'So like him,' she murmured, with tears in her eyes. 'And you would like to see him? Come with me.'

She led the way upstairs to a quiet room, where lay the lifeless form of the only man who had ever spoken kindly to me.

'He lay as if asleep, his fair head turned a little to one side, his white hands folded on his breast. On his face rested the peace which 'God gives to his beloved.'

My tears fell fast. 'I wanted to tell him that I kept my word,' I said, 'but now he will never know.'

The bereaved sister laid her hand on my arm. 'Ask God to prepare you to go where he has gone,' she said, 'and then you can tell him.'

'I will,' I answered, checking my tears. 'Please, may I just kiss him?'

She nodded, and I kissed the cold, rigid lips which only a few hours before had uttered that gentle 'I trust you, my boy.'

'I'll starve before I'll steal again,' I vowed, as I followed Miss Graham from the room.

And I kept my word. I am now, by God's goodness, a prosperous and happy man, but I still anticipate the day when I shall tell him how much his trust in me has accomplished.—'Presbyterian Witness.'

Why the Country Boy Succeeds

It is no secret that a good many of our greatest men begin life as country boys. I think the farm sends more graduates to the Senate, and to the Stock Exchange, than any other school in the land. Statesmen, millionnaires, bankers, brokers, lawyers, judges, ministers and merchants start out from good, plain, country homes. Find an exceptionally clever, all-round man in a place of eminence, and five times out of six you will discover, that, as a lad, he was trained in a rural community, and lived his first formative years somewhere away from a town. The ordinary city boy may be sharper and shrewder, may get on faster in school than his country cousin, but the latter has definite advantages all his own.

For one thing, he usually has work to do with his hands. About a farm there is a good deal that a boy can do. Chores morning and evening, wood to split for kindling and wood boxes to fill, cows to go after up the road and along to the hillside or the valley pasture, gardens to weed, ploughing, hoeing, reaping, sowing; whatever the season may be, it surely brings its task. I suppose the farmer's son fancies his lot is hard, as he works in the barn or the stable, takes care of the animals, and learns early that priceless lesson for life—responsibility. It is a hardness that makes for future success; it brings out capability that but for its wholesome dicipline would never develop.

Another thing that I find a blessing to the country boy, is that he learns the real use of books. Very likely he has not too many of them, and for that reason he prizes more those he has. One good book is far more educational to the youth who masters it by the evening lamp, than a dozen skimmed through and forgotten, because read merely for amusement. Even the multiplicity of daily newspapers, hastily scanned by city boys, may tend away from intelligence and mental growth; whereas the weekly or semi-weekly paper taken in the country, brought home from the post-office as a precious thing, and devoured from first to last page, is a source of information and instruction to the whole family.

Let nobody despise the small school, the district school, that standing by the lonely road, is a real outpost of learning and civilization. There may be no possibility of teaching—as teaching is understood in the large graded school—to which hundreds of pupils go in the big cities; but here is individual teaching, and the bright boy who chooses to apply himself will not fail to secure something worth much in the race of life.

If I were asked to give as a finality, my thought of the crowning advantage which the country boy possesses over his brother of the town, I would say it was this: He has very little money to spend, and few places to tempt him to expenditure. The lavish way in which heedless young people dispose of pennies and dimes, easily procured from foolish parents, easily wasted on trifling indulgences, forecasts the life-long penury, the hand-to-mouth existence, which eats like rust into the happiness of too many lives. A boy is better for having little pocket money, and, better still, if he may early acquire habits of earning and saving.—Mrs. Sangster, in 'Christian Herald.'

Her Mistake

The seventeen-year-old daughter of a respectable physician fell (or imagined she did) wildly in love with a mellow-voiced baritone in a well-known opera company. Under an assumed name she wrote him confiding and romantic little notes, and finally sent him her photograph.

The face was so lovely that it piqued the singer's curiosity, but it was in vain that he plead for an opportunity to see her. The girl could only enjoy her escapade so long as she maintained her incognito.

Finally the baritone, noting the name of the photographer, visited his parlors, and ascertained his correspondent's name. Then he wrote to her under her real address, saying that he had identified her, and she could take the choice of having her picture and notes back, and giving him $200 in cash, or he would tell a reporter of the 'Police Gazette' the story, and have the picture published.

There is little likelihood that such a threat would have been carried out, but the girl was so terribly frightened that she sent him all the money she could well scrape together, and the rest of the sum in jewellery.

If this cures her of making love to strange men—or to any other men—perhaps her experience was worth its price —'Philadelphia Mercury.'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

Habits

Ned was watching grandpa put on his shoes. 'Why do you turn 'em over to shake 'em before you put 'em on?' he asked.

'Did I?' said grandpa.

'Why, yes, you did; but I didn't see anything come out. I have to shake the sand out of my shoes 'most every morning.'

Grandpa laughed. 'I didn't notice that I shook my shoes, Ned, but I got in the habit of shaking my shoes every time before putting them on when I was in India.'

'Why did you do it there?'

'To shake out scorpions or centipedes, or other nuisances that might be hidden in them.'

'But you don't need to do it here, for we don't have such things.'

'I know, but I formed the habit, and now I do it without thinking.'

'Habit is a queer thing, isn't it?' said Ned, thoughtfully.

'It's a very strong thing,' said grandpa; 'remember that, my boy. A habit is a chain that grows stronger every day, and it seems as if a bad habit grows faster than a good one. If you want to have good habits when you are old, form them while you are young, and let them be growing stronger all the while you live.'—'Mayflower.'

Blackberries That Were not for Sale.

I spent nearly all of last summer in the country, and one day, when the blackberry season was at its height, I was riding with a party of friends, over the beautiful country roads, when we came to an old pasture, in which there were a great many blackberry bushes. Near the road, in the shade of a tree, sat a bare-footed, tired-looking boy of about twelve years. His brown hands were stained with juice from the berries he had been gathering, and torn by the briers of the bushes. He was fanning his flushed face with his old straw hat when we drove up. By his side was a tin pail, filled with six or seven quarts of very nice blackberries. Then he had a little pail containing about a quart of the finest wild blackberries I ever saw. Some of the ladies in the party were very fond of blackberries, and one of them said to the boy:

'Would you sell us a quart of your berries, my boy?'

'Yes, ma'am; I'd sell you a quart of these,' replied the boy, pointing to the large pail.

'Oh, but those in the other pail are so much finer, I would be willing to pay more for those than for the others.'

The boy shook his head and said:

'I wouldn't want to sell those, ma'am.'

'I would be willing to give you twelve cents a quart for them, and you know that very good berries are selling for but seven cents in the village.'

Again the boy shook his head, and this time he said:

'I couldn't sell these even for twenty cents a quart, but you may have a quart of the others for five cents.'

Slightly piqued, and a little curious to know why the boy so persistently refused to sell the large berries, the lady asked:

'Why will you not sell the other berries?'

'Because, ma'am, I—I—well, because they are for my mother.'

'For your mother!'

'Yes, ma'am. You see it is like this. My mother is sick. She has been sick for a long time, and she has hardly any appetite for anything. She has been feeling better for three or four days and she has taken a notion that she would like to have some blackberries, and the doctor said that she might have some, and so, when I was gathering berries to-day, I put every fine, big one I could find in this little pail for my mother. That is why I would rather not sell them.'

'That is a very good reason, why you should not sell them,' replied the lady, warmly, with a voice that was not quite steady, for she had lately lost her own dearly beloved mother. Then she added:

'You may put a quart of the other berries in this little basket I happen to have with me.'

When the little boy handed up the basket, the lady gave him a shining half dollar, saying, as she did so: 'Don't mind anything about the change, my boy. Keep it all and get something nice for your mother with it, and tell her I said that I was glad she had such a loving and thoughtful little boy.' I hope that you will always feel that you would do the best of everything for mother.'—J. L. Harbour, in 'The Morning Star.'

The Force of Habit

A travelling man was dining with a friend in one of our suburbs. The steaming cup of coffee was placed by his side, when he took up his spoon and wiped it on his napkin, much to the dismay of the model housewife. It immediately dawned upon him that he had been very rude. He apologized in the words: 'I beg pardon: I am so used to doing this in a hotel that from force of habit I unconsciously did it here.'

A minister was seated in the library of a home where the housewife was scrupulously neat. He picked up one of the books from the table and attempted to blow off the dust from the edge. His 'beg pardon' was: 'I am so accustomed to blowing off dust from my books that, without thinking, I from force of habit,' etc.

A young lad was invited to dine with a school friend in one of the up-town mansions. During the meal he occasionally used his napkin, but awkwardly, for he was not used to it. After the last course, as he was rising from the table, his friend noticed that the guest drew his coat sleeve across his mouth. Here apology was not made, for force of habit was beneath consciousness, and to this day the young man is ignorant of his breach of good table manners.

These incidents will suffice to impress upon us the force of habit.

It is true, as has been said, that habit is a hard thing to be eradicated; for if you take away the 'h' you have 'a bit' of it left; take away two letters you still have a 'bit' left. Take away three letters, and only 'it' is left. Take away four letters, you have half of 'it' left. Only when you take it all away have you dismantled it.

Root out the habit—and you destroy its force.

Better still—'don't begin!'—'Baptist Union.'

A Queer Old Thing

'What a queer looking old thing!'

'Did you ever see such a ridiculous, old-fashioned gown?'

'She looks as if she had come from the backwoods!'

Such were some of the comments made by a group of merry schoolgirls as they noticed an old woman who was standing on the corner of the street.

'She has lost her way, I think,' said one of the girls, who had not joined in the merriment. 'I am going over to speak to her.'

'Oh, don't go, Marie,' they urged.

But Marie broke away from the group and ran up to the old lady.

'Can I be of any help to you,' she inquired, gently.

The perplexed old face lighted up with a smile.

'I have never been in the city before, my dear; and all this noise is so distracting. Could you tell me where 241 West Mill Street is?' and the old lady handed her a card.

'Why, yes! That is the address of a friend of mine. I will go to the door with you.' And, taking the old lady's arm, Marie led her down the avenue, while the other girls looked after them, laughing.

A walk of several blocks brought them to a beautiful house, and as Marie led her charge up the steps and bade her good-bye, the old lady said sweetly:

'Thank you, my dear. You have given a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple; and I am sure the Master will bless you.'

Marie walked away with a happy heart. But she felt sorry for the other girls next morning. They were all standing around her, listening to her story, when Elenor Livingstone, one of the most popular students in the school, joined the group.

'Oh, Marie!' she exclaimed. 'We have been singing your praises in our house! You rescued dear Aunt Margaret yesterday, when she had nearly lost her way. She came a day earlier than we expected, or the whole family would have met her at the train. She is our favorite auntie,' explained Elenor, addressing the little circle, 'and she lives in the dear old homestead, away up among the Vermont hills. You must come home with me, Marie, after school. She wishes to see you again.'

The other girls looked at each other a little sheepishly. Perhaps they had learned a lesson.—'S. S. Advocate.'

Tennyson's famous poem, 'Crossing the Bar,' was written, says the present Lord Tennyson, in the poet's eighty-first year, 'on a day in October when we came from Aldworth to Farringford. Before reaching Farringford he had had the "moaning of the bar" in his mind, and after dinner he showed me the poem written out.' 'That is the crown of your life's work,' said his son, who was the first man after the poet to read 'Crossing the Bar,' and who passed the first criticism upon it in such fitting and generous language. 'It came in a moment,' said the poet, and he explained the pilot as the Divine and Unseen who is always guiding us. A day or two before he died the poet, calling his son to his bedside, said, 'Mind you put "Crossing the Bar" at the end of all editions of my poems.'

He Sold His Chance.

Boys who enter upon a business career little realize how closely and critically they are watched by their employers. Large business concerns have many large-salaried offices waiting for the right man. Integrity, honesty and obedience are rare qualities, and demand a higher premium than ever. In fact, all business houses are looking for the right boys as they have never before.

The superintendent of one of the largest department stores in the country engaged a lad of fifteen in the most subordinate capacity, at wages of three dollars a week. The boy was at the bottom of the ladder, at the very position where the heads of departments in that store had started years before.

The head of the department where he was stationed watched him carefully day by day, and reported upon him favorably. He said: 'Here is at last the young fellow we have been looking for.' The next in authority took his turn in watching the lad. He became profoundly impressed with the boy's obedience, his integrity, his loyalty, and commended him to the head of the firm.

The firm had a consultation over the boy. How could that lad suspect that a gentleman, whom he hardly ever saw, who seemed so far above him, and to whom he felt he was so absolutely insignificant, would be watching him with almost as much care as if he had been the son of the senior partner? The head of the firm said: 'We will give him six months, and if he stands the test, we will advance him rapidly.'

The six months were almost up. So interested had the superintendent of the store become in the youthful prodigy that he personally took to watching him day by day.

One morning the superintendent noticed the boy hide something in his pocket. He stopped him.

'What have you there?' he said to the lad. The boy paled and blushed.

'Oh, nothing,' he said. He was asked to turn his pockets inside out, and upon him was discovered twenty-five cents in change which he had just pilfered.

The boy was immediately dismissed. He had lost his chance of high preferment, of honor, of dignity, of respect, and even of wealth, for a temptation so petty as to seem ridiculous. He had sold his character for twenty-five cents!—'Youth's Companion.'

Jamie.

There lived in a Scotch village a boy, Jamie by name, who set his heart on being a sailor. His mother loved him very dearly, and the thought of giving him up grieved her exceedingly, but she finally consented. As the boy left home she said to him:

'Wherever you are, Jamie, whether on sea or land, never forget to acknowledge your God. Promise me that you will kneel down every night and morning and say your prayers, no matter whether the sailors laugh at you or not.'

'Mother, I promise you I will,' said Jamie, and soon he was on a ship bound for India.

They had a good captain; and, as some of the sailors were religious men, no one laughed at the boy when he knelt down to pray.

But on the return voyage, some of the sailors having run away, their places were supplied by others, one of whom proved to be a very bad fellow. When he saw little Jamie kneeling down to say his prayers he went up to him, and, giving him a sound box on the ear, said, in a decided tone:

'None of that here, sir!'

Another seaman, who saw this, although he swore sometimes, was indignant that the child should be so cruelly treated, and told the bully to come up on deck and he would give him a thrashing. The challenge was accepted, and the well-deserved beating was duly bestowed. Both men returned to the cabin, and the friendly man said:

'Now, Jamie, say your prayers, and if he dares to touch you I will give him another dressing.'

The next night it came into the little boy's mind that it was quite unnecessary for him to create such a disturbance in the ship, when it could easily be avoided if he would only say his prayers quietly in his hammock, so that nobody would observe it. But the moment that the friendly sailor saw Jamie get into the hammock without first kneeling down to pray he hurried to the spot, and, dragging him out by the neck, he said:

'Kneel down at once, sir! Do you think I am going to fight for you and you not say your prayers, you young rascal?'

During the whole voyage back to London the sailor watched over the boy as if he had been the father, and every night saw that he knelt down and said his prayers. Jamie was industrious, and during his spare time he studied his books. He learned all about ropes and rigging, and, when he became old enough, about taking latitude and longitude.

Some years ago the largest steamer ever launched on the ocean carried the famous cable across the Atlantic. A very reliable, experienced captain was chosen for this important undertaking; and who should it be but little Jamie? When the 'Great Eastern' returned to England after this successful voyage, Queen Victoria bestowed upon him the honor of knighthood, and the world now knows him as Sir James Anderson.—'Scottish American.'

An Appeal to Honor

Treat a man as if he were a gentleman, and he will rarely disappoint you. In illustration of this truth Mr. Crosse, author of 'Round About the Carpathians,' tells a good story of a robber chief in Hungary. A few years ago the Carpathian Mountains were infested with organized bands of robbers, and neither life nor property was safe. At this time a lady of great wealth, the Countess Z., who lived not far from the main highway between Budapest and Vienna, received a polite note one morning, informing her that twelve gentlemen would dine with her at midnight. She understood what it meant.

It was impossible to summon help, and well she knew that every approach to the castle would be guarded, to prevent communication. In this dilemma she made ready for her uninvited guests.

At midnight up rode an armed band, twelve men in all. Immediately the gate of the outer court and the entrance door were thrown wide, as if for the most honored and welcome guests. The countess stood at the entrance to receive them, richly dressed. She bade the chief and his men a gracious welcome, gave orders that their horses be cared for, and then, taking the arm of her guest, led the way to the dining-hall. Here a goodly feast was spread, and all the gold and silver plate of the castle was lavishly displayed.

The leader of the robber band started back in surprise; but recovering his self-possession, he seated himself beside his charming hostess, who engaged him in merry talk of the gay world at Vienna, with which they were both familiar. At length, when the feast was nearly ended, the chief took out his watch and said:

'Countess, the happiest moments of my life have always been the shortest. I have another engagement this night. Bad as I am, none ever appealed to my honor in vain. You have received me as a gentleman, and I shall take my departure as one. As for you, my men,' he said, looking sternly round with hand on his pistol, 'I charge you to take nothing from this house. He who disobeys me dies that instant.'

The chief then asked for pen and paper, and wrote some words upon a sheet which he handed to his hostess. 'This, madam, will serve to protect you in future. You have but to show it, and it will save you from any molestation or loss.'

The name of the robber chief was afterward known. He was an impoverished cadet of one of the noblest families in Hungary. His fate was sad enough; he was captured a few months after the incident which has been related here, and ended his life at the hands of the common hangman.—'Youth's Companion.'

A Gentleman.

Let no boy think he can be a gentleman by the clothes he wears, the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house that he lives in, or the money that he spends. Not one, nor all, of these things do it; yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, live in a poor house, and spend but little money. But how? By being true, manly and honorable. By keeping himself neat and respectable. By being civil and courteous. By respecting himself and others. By doing the best he knows how, and, finally, and above all, by fearing God and keeping his commandments.—'Sunday-school Evangelist.'

A Chorus for the Boys and Girls.

Have faith in God, the sun will shine,
Though dark the clouds may be to-day,
His heart has planned your path and mine,
Have faith in God, have faith alway
—Selected.

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Common Sense about Horses

The writer well remembers that, very recently, as he was driving a young and headstrong horse past one of the numerous city excavations in New York, he reached a place where there was barely room to pass an approaching hansom cab containing two ladies. When abreast of the vehicle, the young horse gave formal notice that he was about to make a bolt directly toward it; and to prevent this the writer shifted the bit smartly in his mouth, and, as he failed to respond, struck him twice very sharply with the whip, thereby forcing him to answer his bit, and to escape, by a very narrow margin, a serious accident—as otherwise he would inevitably have landed in the cab, and probably on the laps of the ladies.

As the cab passed (by a hairbreadth), one lady leaned out and exclaimed, 'Oh, you brute! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!'

The writer chanced to know who she was and followed her to her house, where he sent in his card and requested an interview. This granted, he explained his action: showed her how, by the exercise of needful severity, her life and that of her friend had probably been saved; explained the necessity for prompt action, and then asked her, as she had criticized the deed, to prescribe a more effective and prompt method of evading subsequent similar occurrences.

To this the lady was frank enough to reply that she knew nothing whatever about horses, but had a keen love for them, and resented anything that looked like abuse; understood that they must be controlled, although all her sentiments were against severity and for kindness—and handsomely allowed that she had been wrong.

On leaving, the writer asked if he might be permitted to take the temperature of a corner where hung an aviary of several disconsolate appearing birds, quite near a steam radiator in full blast. Permission being granted, the bulb was found to register ninety-two degrees, and the lady was as much pained to learn of the cruelty which she had continually practiced upon her pets as was the writer of her original accusation. This was a case of excess of sentiment and of lack of ordinary common sense—the well-meaning woman was ignorantly inflicting every day more real suffering upon her birds than a daily flogging would have afforded the horse.—From Ware's 'Our Noblest Friend, the Horse' (Page).

The Laborer and His Hire

'Never allow a workman to go away without his pay when it is due,' was the motto of a millionaire, one of the members of a firm of jewellers. The Philadelphia 'Evening Telegraph' explains in the jeweller's own words how he came to adopt the rule.

When I first lived in Philadelphia, many years ago, he said, it was a dreadful struggle to keep myself and my wife and five children. We lived in one room, the seven of us. Once in a while I got work to do at home nights, and finally we rented two rooms on a first floor down the street. We lived in the rear room. The front room was a shop, which my wife tended in the daytime, and where I did such repair work as I could get to do nights. It was a hard struggle. There wasn't much to eat sometimes, and paying the rent was always a fearful effort.

One time during this period a millionaire dropped into my shop and asked me to go to his house, get a certain French clock, and repair it. The rent was due in three days, with six dollars still lacking of the sum necessary to pay it. I tramped out and got the clock, and spent most of the next two nights in repairing it. On the evening of the third day I tramped back to his house, carrying the thirty-pound clock, which I delivered safely to the butler. In about a quarter of an hour he returned and handed me a twenty-dollar bill, from which I was expected to give him thirteen dollars change, my bill being seven dollars. I had to return it, as I had no money. He left the room again, and shortly returned and told me that his master would call next morning and pay the bill. I was shown out.

The millionaire didn't call for a week, but the landlord wasn't behind a minute. We gave him all the money we had, but still owed him three dollars. It was a week before any of us seven had a square meal again. I shall never forget the dreadful unhappiness I experienced during my return from the millionaire's house; and I never let a workman whom I owe go unpaid a single hour after his money is due.—'Youth's Companion.'

How to Breathe

Every man or woman, instead of only breathing a pint of air or less at every breath, can just as easily have a quart. The price is the same, there is plenty of it, of excellent quality. If each were paid a cent for each such breath, they would soon find that they did not forget to take them; that it is not only easy to do, but that a new buoyancy and sense of strength and a consciousness of not tiring half as easily as formerly have come and seem to stay. That fuller breathing is purifying the blood, making the heart do better work, indeed, is helping every organ in all that it has to do.

Perhaps no one else has told how to breathe thus better than wonderful little Edward Checkley. He says:

'The simplest preparatory exercise is long, full breathing. While standing or sitting in any proper attitude, with the chest free, take in a long breath until the lungs seem full, taking care at the same time not to harshly strain the lungs or muscles. Hold the breath thus taken for a few seconds, and then allow it to slowly leave the lungs. By consciously breathing in this manner, the lungs will be enlarged and strengthened, and the breathing will become slower. Normal breathing, when the body is at rest, should not include any more than ten breaths in a minute. . . . At the outset long breaths will be a conscious exercise. . . . Take long breaths as often as you think of it. You may not think of it more than once or twice a day at the beginning. Then you will find it easy to remember every hour or so, and then twice or three times an hour until finally the habit is formed, and the old, short, scant breath—a mere gasp in many people—is entirely abandoned.'

Breathing in this way, with the body held erect, with the head on top of the spine instead of two or three inches forward, makes deep, thorough breathing easier yet. And, as Checkley adds, 'A long breath will be found to represent strength, and strength that endures.'—William Blaikie in the 'Christian Endeavor World.'

Own Up

It was at the school examination in arithmetic and Tom felt particularly dull at figures that morning. Clever Jack sat alongside him and Tom said, 'Jack, I can't do the thing.' They were great friends, so Jack said, 'Just look over mine.' And that is what he did; he copied Jack's sums. The end of the story is this—Tom and Jack divided the prize; they were far above everybody else. When they were called up to receive the arithmetic prize Tom felt miserable and he said: 'Please, sir, I don't deserve this prize. Please, sir, I copied.' And his face was red and his eyes were filled with tears. But by bravely owning up to his fault he learned a better lesson than all the sums in the world could have taught him. When you have done wrong, own up. It is best to be brave enough never to do wrong, but if you have done wrong and are going to be punished for it, don't be a coward the second time. Bear it like a man; the smart soon disappears. But the shame of having lied lasts on.—Rev. Bernard J. Snell, in 'Great Thoughts.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Nov. 7, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Lord Alverstone's Judgment—The 'Mail,' London.
Lord Rosebery at Sheffield—Extracts from the Speech—English Papers.
Mr. Chamberlain's Reply to Free Traders—English Papers.
Behind the Scenes—Pages from the Diary of a Puzzled Premier—G. F. B., in the 'Speaker,' London.
Corea as a Storm Centre—The 'Sun,' New York.
'The Holy War'—W. B. H., in the 'Daily News,' London.
Macedonia: The Greek View—Correspondence of the 'Pilot,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Dog and the Water Lily—Poem, by William Cowper.
Search—Poem, by Hugh McCulloch.
Mr. Gladstone's Religion—C. F. G. Masterman, in the 'Speaker,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Church Music: The Intrusion of the Commonplace—The 'Commonwealth,' London (abridged).

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

British Association at Southport—Anthropology, Craniological Conservatism. The Cranium and the Brain. The New Phrenology. Cranial Form and Measurement. The Anterior Point of Measurement. The Neanderthal and Trinil Skull Caps. Objections to Schwalbe's Theory. Results of Investigations—The 'Times,' London.
Wind Resistance in High-Speed Train Service—The 'Scientific American'

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

'World Wide'

BUT, Subscribers to the 'Messenger' may have 'World Wide' at the specially reduced rate of 75 Cents,

Will be sent to any address for twelve months for $1.00.

by sending this coupon, or they can have the 'Messenger' and 'World Wide' for 12 months on trial, the two papers for a dollar bill.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

Minnie's Looking Glass.

(Mary A. Denison, in 'Albany Evening Journal.')

There was no doubt about it, Minnie Gray wasn't a beauty; wasn't even pretty.

And the worst of it was that she was conscious of the fact, which made it hard to bear.

Every day when she got up she hated the sunshine, hated to look in the glass because of the little snub nose, the freckles, the rather wide mouth, the small, twinkling eyes.

By the time she was dressed she made up her mind that clothes only made her look uglier. In fact, she was most of the time thoroughly out of temper with herself. She could see at the breakfast table—or thought she could—that everybody disliked to see her, and, that they must be saying to each other, 'How ugly she is!' As a consequence she did not try to be happy and pleasant; indeed, she was sometimes decidedly cross.

Her little neighbor, next door, who came to play with her sometimes, had soft, yellow hair that looked like gold in the sunshine, and eyes so large and blue they seemed to reflect the sky in June, while her lips and cheeks were dimpled, and every time she smiled she looked like an angel.

Minnie never tired of looking at her and admiring her beauty, but at the same time she could not keep down her envy, and her desire not to show that she was envious made her at times cross and sullen, so that her friends said not 'What a pity she is homely,' but 'How dreadful that she is so disagreeable.'

Her little girl neighbor was called 'Puss.' Her real name was Ethel Lacy, and she was as sweet and gentle as she was beautiful. One day she said to Minnie:

'When I come in to play with you, you are so cross. I should love you dearly if you wasn't cross.'

'You couldn't love me,' Minnie said, 'not if you wanted to ever so.'

'Why not?' asked her playmate.

'Because you are pretty and I am homely. I can love you, but nobody wants to love me.'

'What is homely?' asked Ethel.

'It's just ugly; ugly eyes, ugly nose, ugly mouth, all over ugly. I just hate myself.'

'Why, I never thought you were ugly, only in your ways,' said gentle little Ethel.

'Oh, but I am, and I wish I could die. I can't bear to look at myself in the glas.'

This sounded so funny to Ethel that she began to laugh, and it made her friend Minnie so angry that she lifted her hand to strike her, but as she turned like a young fury, a little old woman sat in Ethel's place right in that particular streak of sunshine that had made Ethel's curls look just like gold.

The little woman was very queer and old, and all the colors of the rainbow shone in her garments.

"Where's Ethel gone?' asked the girl, taken by surprise.

'I sent her away for fear you would kill her,' said the little old woman. 'What makes you so hateful?'

'Because I'm ugly,' sobbed poor Minnie, 'and nobody loves me, nobody ever will.'

The little old woman smiled to herself.

'Come, come,' she said, pleasantly; 'I'm a fairy, let's see what can be done about it. My name is Good Nature.'

In her astonishment at seeing a real fairy, Minnie forgot to cry. Indeed, the minute she saw the old woman's eyes she began to laugh.

'If—if—I only had a looking glass that would make me look pretty," she exclaimed almost hysterically.

The fairy laughed.

'Easiest thing in the world,' she said, 'and a very modest wish. Do you think it would make you better natured?'

'I'm sure it would,' said Minnie, earnestly. 'Oh, I 'd be awful good.'

'We'll see, deary."

The fairy reached into a pocket of her rainbow dress and drew out a beautiful little mirror that lighted up Minnie's face like a sunbeam as she held it by its silver handle.

'O-h,' she cried, with an exclamation of ecstacy.

'Does that suit you?' the fairy asked.

'Indeed it does,' said the child.

'And if I leave it with you, will you always smile when you look in it ?'

'I promise,' said the girl, radiant.

'And will you promise to smile whenever any one speaks to you ?'

'Yes, yes,' was the prompt reply.

'And will you stop calling yourself ugly ?'

'I don't feel ugly; I don't feel ugly now,' said Minnie.

'As soon as you frown and feel wicked the mirror will disappear,' said the fairy, 'just as I am going to do now,' and Minnie was alone.

Then she held up her glass and looked at it long. Yes, it was her face, yet what had come over it ? The features were there, and the freckles, but there was something, she couldn't tell what, that refined and subtly changed the whole expression.

She had never before had such laughing eyes, such a bright, tender smile.

Every day she looked in her glass and the result was that she went down stairs as happy as a queen. Smiles took the place of frowns, her voice grew soft and musical and everybody received her with open arms.

'How pretty Minnie is growing,' said one and another.

'Really, after all, expression is everything,' said her cousin, a grown man. 'I'd rather see a happy face than a beautiful one.'

'So had I,' was the general response. 'But Minnie is really growing beautiful.'

And she was.

Johnnie's Peril.

'Fire! Fire!'

The cry had collected a crowd, and there was a babel of excited voices, for the burning building was a crowded lodging house.

'Are all the people out?' was the question that ran from mouth to mouth.

The fire having broken out on the top floor, the inmates had a chance to escape, and soon it was known that all were safe except Bob Ferris and his little boy, who lived in one of the attics.

Bob had doubtless gone to bed the worse for drink, so it was probable he would not hear the riot, or be awakened by the smoke and flames until it was too late.

The fire had gained a terrible hold. The staircases were burning; there was no way of securing ingress—nor egress either, as it appeared. Ladders were brought, but they would not reach the top windows. With a thrill of horror, the people said that the doom of man and child were sealed.

But at that moment the sleeping drunkard was being aroused by shrill cries and the tugging of soft baby hands.

'Daddy! Daddy! What's the matter wi' the window? Look, daddy—the sky's all afire!'

With a startled oath, the man sprang up, and across his mind there flashed a sudden recollection of a newly-lighted pipe he had dropped on the stairs as he stumbled to his room. Were the lives of himself and his child to be sacrificed to his own carelessness ?

To do him justice, he thought most of Johnnie. The little one was all he had to care for—all that was left to him of the sweet young wife he had buried, whose death had left him reckless and sore hearted. Oh! Johnnie must not perish. 'Don't be frightened, darling!' he cried, clasping the boy in his trembling arms; 'daddy will save you!'

In that terrible moment his heart was uplifted in anguish towards those regions whither the little one's mother had fled; and the lips which had lately breathed an oath, and had almost forgotten how to pray, framed one brief petition: 'Oh, God, give me strength and nerve, and show me how to save him.'

There was little time for thought—not a second for hesitation. He opened the door—but the roaring flames and the belching smoke sent him with a bound to the window—it was his only chance!

A shout arose from the crowd—but it was the shout of despair; they had tried in vain to discover a way of escape for him—and it was terrible indeed to see him and the little one destroyed before their very eyes !

But at times like these men are sometimes nerved to feats of skill and prowess that seem little short of miracles, and could never be performed in ordinary moments. So, with bated breath, the wondering spectators saw Johnnie's father squeeze himself and the child through the small attic window, and crawl along the gutter upon which it fortunately opened—creeping slowly and cautiously over the roof, out of reach of the fire, which was already shooting forth through the window from which he had escaped.

Bob Ferris could never afterwards think of those moments without a shudder—nor tell how his marvellous deliverance was accomplished. When the firemen—who had just arrived—broke in the roof of the next house, and thus delivered him from his perilous position, he was too dazed and exhausted to be conscious of the fact that he had been suddenly exalted into a hero.

As for Johnnie dozens of pairs of arms were ready to shelter him, and he really looked, in his innocent beauty and wondering awe, like the 'guardian angel' his father afterwards called him, when he told the story of his awakening.

The fire engines were hard at work, but all they could do now was keep the fire from spreading to other houses.

'This is an instructive scene,' a grey-bearded gentleman remarked to a companion; 'it seems to me that we Temperance workers can gain a good moral from it. If we cannot stop the raging fire of drunkenness, we can do our utmost to keep it from spreading further.' Later on he made his way to the spot where Bob Ferris was standing watching with blanched cheeks the ruins of the house which he had brought to destruction, and in gentle, but earnest words, reminded him that the peril from which he had just rescued himself and his boy was but a picture of a moral and spiritual fall from which it behooved him to flee with just as great earnestness. To his surprise, Bob readily accepted his sympathy and help. Hitherto, he had been a very difficult man to deal with—stubbornly determined to go his own way, and never willing to listen to a word of counsel. But those terrible moments had made him a changed man. As he said himself, God had permitted him to save Johnnie, and the boy should not waste his life, if he could help it.

And in after years, when Johnnie was tempted to stray into dangerous places, it only needed a reminder of his rescue from the fire, to bring him into willing obedience to his father's wishes and commands. The memory of it has grown dim now, it is true—but the story has still a charm for him, although, perhaps, he will never realize as fully as his father does how great was the peril, moral as well as physical, from which he was rescued on that memorable night.

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, $3 a year.
'Weekly Witness,' post paid, $1 a year.
'World Wide,' post paid, $1 a year.
'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year.

LESSON IX.—NOV. 29.

David's Charge to Solomon

I. Chronicles xxviii., 1-10.

Golden Text.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart. Proverbs iii., 5.

Home Readings.

Monday, Nov. 23—I. Chron. xxviii. 1-10
Tuesday, Nov. 24.—I. Chron. xxii., 1-10.
Wednesday, Nov. 25.—I. Chron. xxii., 11-19.
Thursday, Nov. 26.—Ps. lxxii., 1-20.
Friday, Nov. 27.—Ps. lxxxiv., 1-12.
Saturday, Nov. 28.—I. Chron. xxix., 10-10.
Sunday, Nov. 29.—I. Chron. xxix., 20-30

1. And David assembled all the princes of Israel, the princes of the tribes, and the captains of the companies that ministered to the king by course, and the captains over the thousands, and captains over the hundreds, and the stewards over all the substance and possession of the king, and of his sons, and the officers, and with the mighty men, and with all the valiant men, unto Jerusalem.

2. Then David the king stood up upon his feet, and said, Hear me, my brethren, and my people: As for me, I had in mine heart to build an house of rest for the ark of the covenant of the Lord, and for the footstool of our God, and had made ready for the building:

3. But God said unto me, Thou shalt not build an house for my name, because thou hast been a man of war, and hast shed blood.

4. Howbeit the Lord God of Israel chose me before all the house of my father to be king over Israel forever: for he hath chosen Judah to be the ruler; and of the house of Judah, the house of my father; and among the sons of my father he liked me to make me king over all Israel:

5. And of all my sons, (for the Lord hath given me many sons,) he hath chosen Solomon my son to sit upon the throne of the kingdom of the Lord over Israel.

6. And he said unto me, Solomon thy son, he shall build my house and my courts: for I have chosen him to be my son, and I will be his father.

7. Moreover, I will establish his kingdom forever, if he be constant to do my commandments and my judgments as at this day.

8. Now therefore in the sight of all Israel the congregation of the Lord, and in the audience of our God, keep and seek for all the commandments of the Lord your God: that ye may possess this good land, and leave it for an inheritance for your children after you forever.

9. And thou, Solomon my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind: for the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts: if thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off forever.

10. Take heed now; for the Lord hath chosen thee to build an house for the sanctuary: be strong and do it.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

David had to grow old, as do other men, and to look forward to a time when a son would sit on his throne. We have seen how miserably Absalom's attempt to seize the kingdom failed, but Absalom was not the only rebellious son of this illustrious father. His younger half brother, Adonijah, a man of similar beauty of person, by the ordinary rule of succession to a throne, would have followed David in place of Absalom, who was now dead. But God chose Solomon, and Adonijah, seeing his chances were small, took advantage of the aged king's feebleness, and imitated Absalom's attempt to win over the hearts of the people. He even was proclaimed king at a feast he had prepared, and which some of the chief men of the nation and the king's other sons, save Solomon, attended.

But the prophet Nathan took matters in hand, and before Adonijah and those with him realized what had happened, Solomon had been legally made king, and was being received with acclamations by the people. Adonijah's guests and fellow-plotters at once deserted him and his rebellion was nipped in the bud. Solomon pardoned him upon condition of his future good conduct, but later had to put him out of the way. Read the first two chapters of I. Kings.

As David's life approached its close, he assembled the chief men of the nation, and delivered the address quoted from in this lesson. The time is not exactly known, but it was somewhere about a thousand years before Christ. David was about seventy years old, and Solomon probably eighteen or twenty. Read this and the following chapters.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verse 1. 'And David assembled all . . . unto Jerusalem.' For the last time the aged king was to address his people, as he turned over Solomon's kingdom at this public and formal meeting, though he had been anointed before, when Adonijah threatened the kingdom. In this first verse we have a description of the assembly. You will see that the representative men of the nation were present, for it was a great national occasion, well calculated to impress the people deeply.

2 'Then David the king stood up upon his feet, and said, Hear me, my brethren, and my people.' The fact that he stood is especially mentioned, as though to emphasize the occasion. From David's feebleness, he might naturally be expected to remain seated while speaking, but he arose and stood to address his distinguished audience. Notice the terms of affection and close relationship he used. He seemed to be setting an example before Solomon of modesty in his exalted place, as well as teaching him to love his people and cherish their affection.

'I had in mine heart to build an house,' etc. The very first reference is to the building of the house of God. David had always been a religious man, but his later years, after his penitence and sorrow, seemed even still more devoted to meditation upon spiritual themes.

3. 'But God said unto me, Thou shalt not build,' etc. David had made ready to build a temple, but God had stopped him, because David had been a man of war and had shed blood. The slaying of a man even in war rendered one unclean for a time. (Numbers xxxi., 19.)

The Rev. William Ewing, writing in the 'Sunday School Times' upon God's refusal to allow David to build the temple, says, 'This prohibition was, doubtless, designed to emphasize the contrast in character between Jehovah, the God of Israel, and the fierce and truculent gods of surrounding peoples, who were frequently indebted for both shrine and adornment to the fortune of war waged under their auspices.'

4. 'Howbeit the Lord God of Israel chose me,' etc. Though he might not build the temple, still he could rule God's people. Men are called of God to serve him in secular affairs as well as to preach and look after the affairs of his church.

5. 'He hath chosen Solomon,' etc. The rebellious Absalom and Adonijah had attempted to take the throne for themselves, and a part of the people had supported them, but God had himself raised Solomon to be the king.

6, 7. 'He shall build my house,' etc. Solomon, still scarcely more than a boy, had not stained his hands in war, and was chosen to build the temple. He was to have a peaceful reign. (I. Chronicles xxii., 9.) God promised to be a father to Solomon, and to establish his kingdom forever, if he would be constant to obey.

8. 'Now therefore in the sight of all Israel,' etc. David now solemnly adjures these great men and leaders of the nation to obey the God who had himself given them this new king, so that they might have the land forever.

9. 'And thou, Solomon my son.' David turns from the people to address the new king. How tenderly beautiful this verse is, and yet what great and solemn truths it sets forth! It is a verse for young people to-day as well as for the young king nearly three thousand years ago.

10. 'Take heed now; for the Lord hath chosen thee,' etc. Not only must he be godfearing and righteous as a man, but he must remember that God had laid upon him a great responsibility in the special task set before him.

'Be strong, and do it.' If God calls us to a work there is no need for weakness and fear, for he is behind our endeavors.

Next week the lesson is, 'Solomon's Wise Choice.' I. Kings iii., 4-15.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Nov. 29.—Topic—A mission study of India. Zech. viii., 1-7.

Junior C. E. Topic.

SENDING MISSIONARY LIGHT.

Monday, Nov. 23.—By obeying Christ. Mark xvi., 15.

Tuesday, Nov. 24.—By consecration. II. Cor. viii., 5.

Wednesday, Nov. 25.—By prayer. Col. iv., 3, 4.

Thursday, Nov. 26.—By sending laborers. Luke x., 2.

Friday, Nov. 27.—By giving money. II. Cor. viii., 12.

Saturday, Nov. 28.—By shining. Prov. iv., 18.

Sunday, Nov. 29.—Topic—How we may help send missionary light. Matt. iv., 16; v., 14-16.

The Teacher's Preparation.

('The Christian.')

It has been said by Canon Wilberforce of his father that, in later years, he gave up preparing sermons, and simply prepared himself. Probably none of us has reached the stage when we can with safety abandon the preparation of the lesson; but the preparation of ourselves is yet more primary and imperative. Any falsehood is fatal. Any hypocrisy will shatter our influence. We must be 'oiketai,' servants within the household of our Master, Christ.

He is the best and most successful teacher who comes to the class directly from the secret place of prayer. The glory of the Mount will linger in his face. The power of the Highest will overshadow him. The children, with all their mischief and boisterous spirit, are likely to hear God's footfall beating time to his. In a way which they cannot well explain, they will be impressed, and lifted to thoughts of better things.

When the lesson for the day has been studied and mastered, is the equipment then complete? No, it is not complete, until you have kneeled down, and rehearsed its various points and truths in God's hearing, and begged him that his Holy Spirit may use each of these for his own gracious and saving purposes.

When, as you read and pondered your subject, you kept the different members of your class before the eye of your imagination, and considered the temperament and the need of each, have you done every thing that you can do? No, you have still to make mention of every name to their Father and yours, their Redeemer and yours, pleading for them one by one with an importunity which will not let God go.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Temperance Lessons from Life

Under the above caption the Pittsburgh 'Despatch' presents its readers with the following from Dr. Felix L. Oswald, author of 'Physical Education,' 'Remedies of Nature,' etc. It contains valuable hints for mothers, as to practicable methods of temperance teaching for their children, almost from their very infancy:

A grammar school prize winner, reeking with beer, has lost more than he has won. During the first five years of a child's intellectual existence temperance lessons could be inculcated in an absolutely indelible manner. Every mother of open-eyed boys could score that triumph of preparatory education. Begin early. Procure the requisites of an object lesson before tempters get a ghost of a chance to pervert the sanitary instincts of your child.

Place a slice of watermelon and 'Indian turnip' side by side. Bid the youngster nibble a piece of each.

'Now, which tastes best?'

'Oh, this melon. The other thing would burn the skin of my tongue before I could eat half of it.'

'Yes; and you know the reason? The one is wholesome, the other isn't. It would make you deadly sick to eat it, so nature wants to warn you in time. Could a warning in words be any plainer?'

'No, indeed; a fellow might be deaf and dumb and still tell that difference by the taste.'

'Good. Now look at these two little glasses. There's lemonade in the one and whiskey in the other; which do you think is the best?'

'I'm not sure.'

'Then let's make sure and find out what nature says about it. Try this lemonade. Good, is it? Don't be afraid, then; drink the whole of it, if you like. Now try the other—just one drop.'

'Oh, my tongue! Why, that's as bad as that turnip.'

'Yes, and do you know what that means? It's just as unhealthy. Your tongue just knows what it is about. It has been made to warn you in a way you cannot understand. Now do you what would happen if you drink whiskey?'

'It would make me sick.'

'Yes, indeed. It would sicken both your mind and your body. People call that "getting drunk," and if you were foolish enough to try it you would at last lose the ability to tell right from wrong, and begin to like the taste for whiskey. And I want you to keep your eyes open and watch how people act when they get drunk and see how they look after they have sickened themselves in that way often. If you see all that with your own eyes you will feel like thanking heaven on your knees every night that you have been warned in time and not lost your health. Now shall we promise each other to watch for such people?'

'Yes; please do.'

And keep that promise. Go blocks out of your way to get glimpses of drunken brawls. Don't be afraid to approach a gutter where a drunkard rolls helpless—kicked and jeered by a swarm of young hoodlums.

'Do you see that poor little boy crying? What can be the trouble, you wonder. Now listen. Do you hear the noise in that house? They are fighting. That's his father—got drunk and came home to smash the furniture and beat his poor little ones. There, what did I tell you. There comes the boy's sister, running for her life. Look at her poor face, beaten out of shape, and her little jacket torn into shreds. Maybe that's all she had to keep herself warm this winter. Poor little things—tried to help their mother. Their drunken father is beating her because she won't let him take the children's shoes to sell them for liquor.'

Sights of that kind will cling to the memory for life and rise in fury at the mere whisper of temptation. No temperance treatises with reams of chemical demonstrations can match the stern realism of eyesight evidences.

In Herbert Spencer's list of useful sciences household hygiene ranks first, and its principles could be inculcated before the era of the 'three R's.'

A Reasonable Little Fellow

(Mrs. Frances A. De Graff, in the 'National Advocate.')

The following little story may help to answer the question rarely but sometimes asked: 'Does the teaching concerning the nature and effects of alcohol in connection with physiology and hygiene in our public schools lead the boys to become temperate men?'

In the year 1901 a boy in Montgomery County, about ten years of age, was riding with a gentleman who lives in the country near his home. After riding in silence a few moments, the gentleman said: 'I hear your uncle has gone into the saloon business in Amsterdam. Do you visit him and help him as you did when he lived out here on the farm?'

'No, sir,' said the boy, 'I don't go there at all.'

'Why, how is that? Does your father object to your going?'

'No, sir,' said the boy, 'my father does not object to my going. He goes and drinks now when he wants to.'

'Oh, I see,' said the gentleman, 'your mother does not want you to go.'

'You are mistaken; my mother does not prevent my going. She goes with my father and drinks sometimes.'

'Well,' said the gentleman, 'what is your reason for not going?'

'It is what I learned at school, sir. I learned there what alcohol is and how it injures the body, and I have made up my mind not to touch it, and I shall not go into a place where it is sold.'

How can we but exclaim all honor to the manly boy and all honor to the State that maintains and supports a law whereby scientific temperance instruction may be given in the public schools?

The Cigarette and the Coming Business Man

(Chas. H. Stowell, M.D., in the 'Epworth Herald.')

I give the following reasons for opposing the smoking of cigarettes by boys:

1. It lessens the natural appetite for food and injures digestion. The boy who smokes has a bad digestion and a poor appetite. Because of this interference with appetite and digestion, the food is not properly digested and assimilated, cellular activity is checked, and the growth and development of the body seriously interfered with by this early poisoning.

2. It seriously affects the nervous system. We often hear about the 'tobacco heart' of the adult. If tobacco is strong enough to affect the beating of the adult heart, how much stronger must be its effect on the heart of a young person, long before tissues have become fixed? The rush of blood to the head, the dizziness, the unsteady beating of the heart, the distressing dreams—all show how seriously is the nervous system affected. This effect on the nervous system is sufficient to produce the most marked changes in the mental activity. Recent statements from Yale College, Union College, and scores of other institutions, and hundreds of the most eminent teachers of the country, all testify to the fact that cigarette smoking interferes with scholarship. If it interferes with the scholarship of young men over twenty-one years of age, how much more seriously must it interfere with the mental activities of those under this age!

3. It lowers the moral tone. Boys who would not tell a lie on any other matter, not for a fortune, our best and noble boys, do not seem to hesitate a moment to tell any kind of falsehood in order to keep from their parents the fact that they are smoking cigarettes. They hide the cigarettes. They smoke them away from home, they try in every way to conceal the truth. Indeed, they will do all manner of things in order to deceive those who are nearest and dearest to them.

4. It creates a craving for strong drink. The hot smoke from the cigarette tends to make the mouth and throat dry, and creates a peculiar sinking sensation in the stomach. Water may temporarily relieve this dryness, and may temporarily check the sinking sensation. But with the moral tone lowered and the mental power all weakened, the desire to yield to the first temptation is strengthened, because of the flimsy excuse that the boy must have something to wet his throat. And so it goes on, from bad to worse. In other words, the boy who smokes more easily accepts an invitation to a treat than one who does not smoke.

5. It is a filthy and offensive habit. No matter how stealthily the boy may do his work, sooner or later his clothing becomes saturated with the odor of tobacco. One of the most inexplicable things in this world is that a well-dressed, highly accomplished young lady will sit by the side of a young man in a carriage or street-car, or will walk by his side in the street, and submit to inhaling this most offensive odor—bad at all times, but of course increased a thousandfold when the smoking machine is in full operation.

A Philanthropic Firm

A glucose factory at Shady Side, N.J., has been trying to promote temperance among its employees by the canteen method. 'Our men,' argued the factory owners, 'must and will have strong drink. As it is, they go to the vicious saloons near the factory. There they waste time and their money. How much better it would be if we furnished them with pure liquors, at a low price, right on our premises.'

They tried it. They gave two glasses of beer for five cents, and a glass of whiskey for seven cents, with a sandwich thrown in for three cents.

The factory canteen did a rushing business. It is said that no bar in the history of New York City ever did such a business. The men spent all the money in their pockets, and then mortgaged their wages. They drank more at the canteen than they ever thought of drinking at the saloons. They spent so much time there that the foremen had to keep running to the canteen to get men enough to man the departments. After a week, the owners of the establishment decided that it must be either the factory or the canteen; it could not be both. That was the end of that experiment.—'C. E. World.'

The reformation of inebriates is very difficult and very rare. There is just one time to stop drinking intoxicants, and that is to stop before you begin. This is what I call the home side of the temperance question—the side to be taught at every table and at every fireside. The bottle lies deeper than the saloon. The home underlies church, commonwealth and society. The drink-demon never will be driven out by the policeman while parents give it house-room and pulpits keep silence.—Dr. Ingles.

Where, in any community, will you find the roughest specimens of humanity? In the saloon. There is where they most naturally congregate, so that the chances are nine out of ten, that, if you want to find any disreputable man, you will find him in the rum-shop. The saloon is not the place where you will look for the best, but for the worst, men in the village.—'Sunday School Times.'

Correspondence

SUCCESSFUL SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS AND TEXT-HUNTERS.

For verses in the Epistle of John: Helena Isabel Mackenzie, 8; Polly Shield, 13; A. B. McK. Nan Gass; Hattie Borrowman, 9; Sophie Barbour, 11.

For verses in Romans: Mae Ackert, 13; Mary M. G. St. Clair, Erna Bain, 10; Lulu MacNaught, 12; Lettie Corning Allen, Edna E. Chandler, Nan C. Gass, Robert McCallum, 14; Cyrus McKinnon, 11; Edna Johnson, 15; Catherine M., 12; Cecil B. Carlton, 12.

For Bible Riddles: George Williams, 13; Nan C. Gass, Roy MacHardy, 14; Sophie Barbour, 11.

Other competitions: Annie Wright, Roy MacHardy.

OUR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

Oct. 1.
Grow in grace. II. Peter iii., 18.
Eva Warner.

2.
Pray without ceasing. I. Thes. v., 17.

3.
Seek those things that are above. Col. iii., 1.

4.
Let the peace of God rule in your hearts. Col. iii., 15.
Gulia A. Cronck.

5.
The Lord is thy keeper. Psa. cxxi., 5.

6.
Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving. Psa. cxlvii., 7.

7.
Love one another. I. John iii., 23.

8.
Little children, keep yourselves from idols. I. John v., 21.

9.
The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous. I. Peter iii., 12.

10.
Let us run with patience the race that is set before us. Heb. xii., 1.

11.
Let us consider one another. Heb. x., 24.

12.
Blessing I will bless thee. Heb. vi., 14.
Maggie Brunette, Winifred Martin.

13.
They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. Psa. cxxvi., 5.
Florence Axford.

14.
The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. Psa. xxiii., 1.

15.
Hold thou me up and I shall be safe. Psa. cxix., 117.

16.
I will trust and not be afraid. Isa. xii.,2.
Frances Poston, Grace Poston.

17.
In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength. Isa. xxx., 15.

18.
God is our refuge and strength. Psa. xlvi., 1.

19.
What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee. Psa. lvi., 3.
H. Innis, Irva Goss.

20.
Be kindly affectioned one to another. Rom. xii., 10.
Ethel Emma Nichols.

21.
Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Rom. xii., 16.

22.
Be not overcome with evil. Rom. xii., 21.

23.
Charity is not easily provoked. I. Cor. xiii., 5.

24.
All things are yours and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's. I. Cor. iii., 23

25.
Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ. Rom. xiii., 14.

26.
If we live in the Spirit let us also walk in the Spirit. Gal. v., 25.
E. E. N.

27.
Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift. II. Cor. ix., 15.
Winnie Morris.

28.
Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Eph. vi., 10.
Isobel Currie.

29.
Redeeming the time. Eph. v., 16.
Della Currie.

30.
God is able to make all grace abound toward you. II. Cor. ix., 8.

31.
Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?

Readers with birthdays in December will please notify us before the twenty-fifth of November.—Editor of Correspondence.

Wellington.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm near Wellington, which is a great summer resort. Our farm is on West Lake Shore, and it is about a mile across the lake to the beach, which is between Lake Ontario and West Lake. We have a good view of the famous sand banks from here. When we were at our Sunday-school picnic we could see Nicholson's Island, and we could also see the lighthouse, which is about six miles from shore. The name of the lighthouse is Scotch Bonnet. The lake was very rough the day we were there, but the boys waded in the water while the other people played in the sand, which was near. My birthday is on Dec. 20, and I will be twelve on my next birthday.
MARIANA C.

Hants Harbor, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, I thought I would write now. I am a little girl, and I will be eleven years old on Dec. 3. My auntie adopted me when I was four years old. She is like my own mamma now. I have four brothers and five sisters. I go to Sunday-school, and like to go very much. My auntie is my Sunday-school teacher, and my uncle is the superintendent. I go to the High School, and am in the fifth reader. We keep the post-office, so we are not very lonely. I take music lessons, and hope to be able to play well some day. My uncle always gave me a dollar for missions, but I am earning one myself this year, as it didn't seem like giving my own before, and I wanted to do something for Jesus. I help auntie when she is busy, and sometimes she gives me five cents and sometimes ten, so this dollar will be my very own. I take the 'Messenger' myself this year, and like it very much.
GERTRUDE T.

St. George.

Dear Editor,—I have never seen any letters in the 'Messenger' from St. George, so I am going to write one. I go to the Baptist Church and Sunday-school. The Sewing Society of our church had an 'Old Maids' Convention' on Oct 12, and I had a small part in it. I was a little girl of the 17th century. I had on a silk dress said to be over a hundred years old. The old maids looked very funny in their old-fashioned costumes. I have one little sister whose name is Kitty, and she is six years old. St. George is quite a large village having nearly one thousand inhabitants. We have four churches, the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Catholic and Baptist. The Presbyterians have built a fine stone manse this summer, and it is nearly ready to move into.
IRVA G. W. G.

Hyde Park, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sister and myself get the 'Messenger,' and I like to read the correspondence, but my sister cannot read. Her name is Violet. She was six years old last June. I have two other brothers named William David and Elmo Earl. My brother Willie was three years old on Oct. 28. I am eleven years old. I go to school and I am in the third reader. My sister is just in the first book. I have no grandfather nor grandmother. My mother's father died when she was a little girl about four years old, and my father's mother died when he was a little boy. As I have nothing more to tell, I will close.
LOULU A. R.

Cardinal, Ont.

Dear Editor,—After reading your paper for some time, I decided to write and tell you that I like it very much. I enjoyed reading the continued story, 'A Fight Against Odds.' I go to the Presbyterian Church, and get the paper in the Sunday-school. There are eight girls in my class, and we all like our teacher very much. The new canal has made an island of our village. For pets I have a kitten which I call Cupid, and a pair of bantams I call Darby and Joan. My kitten is very playful, and can do a number of tricks, and the bantams are quite tame and will eat from my hand. We have a Christms tree every year, and I always take part in the programme. I suppose we will soon begin to practise now.
A. F. D. (age 15).

Athol, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger.' I was glad to see my first letter in print. I think I will tell you about a book I have read called 'Jasper's Old Shed.' Although it is called that, it is more about two boys. Jasper was an old man and lived in an old shed in a village or town. The boys' names were Rob and Richard. Rob was a great friend of Jasper's, and stayed with him a great deal. The boys' father was a drunkard, and would beat them if they did anything that did not please him, but for all that he was kind to them at times, and so was their mother. The boys got their father to go to meetings in the church, and then he became good. But at last he died, and the boys had to turn out to work to keep themselves and their mother, and they provided plenty for the three. A very good ending for a story. My two grandmothers are living, but my two grandfathers are dead.
JULIA A. M. S.

Trinity Bay, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from here, I thought I would write one. I like the 'Northern Messenger.' I like the correspondence, too. This place is not very large, but there are three slate quarries here. My father owns them. He is a quarry man, and he has a copper mine, too. Two of the slate quarries are working this summer. We have grand fun here in winter, skating. There is a large pond near to our house. I like skating very much.
EMILY S. B.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Nov., 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

AUTUMN OFFERS.

FOUNTAIN PEN FREE!

(Made by Sanford & Bennet New York. Value, $2.00 cash.)

You can get this pen very easily by showing this copy of the 'Northern Messenger' to your friends. Take their subscriptions at the rate of 5c each to the end of the year. Twenty-four subscriptions at this rate make $1.20. Send us the $1.20 and we will send you the fountain pen free, and will send the 'Messenger' every week to the end of the year to each of your 24 friends, who must be New Subscribers.

You can also secure this pen for six new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' for one year at 30c each.

Postage on the 'Northern Messenger' will be charged extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except the United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Best Friend You Have on Earth is Mother.

(Harry A. Eastman.)

I was standing by the side of a college mate one day, when the postman handed him a letter. 'I expected it,' he said, while a smile of satisfaction lighted up his countenance, 'and I'm sure within I'll find my monthly allowance which she never fails to send. You know, I graduate this month, and a double portion there will no doubt be enclosed to cover the expense which of necessity accompanies the presentation of the much valued sheepskin,' and as he spoke, he broke the seal and drew the contents out. But what a change of expression from a moment before. His face, so full of satisfaction and confidence, now bore marks of disappointment, while from his lips there fell a curse and he said, 'The money didn't come.'

'Coward Jack,' I said, 'do you know you have taken that dear mother's name in vain? Pick up the letter you have thrown on the ground and read it like a man, for without a doubt those ink-stained sheets contain an explanation.'

Slowly and reluctantly he bent and lifted the crumpled sheets and read:

My Darling Boy,—For nearly four years my Heavenly Father has given me strength and health to provide means for your education. I had so hoped to win the race I set out to run, but like the athlete in the arena, with nerve and sinew strained to the utmost, I have fallen just before I reached the goal. But, John, I have done my best, and if I am called home before we meet again, remember, my boy, to cherish and protect the confidence and love I have for you, and God grant that the efforts I have put forth may make you a strong and noble man. Your loving and devoted, MOTHER.

'Yes,' he said, as he wiped the tears from his eyes, 'she has been a devoted mother indeed, but what an unappreciative son I have been, basking here in the sunshine of learning, enjoying the pleasures of society, living in the midst of plenty, while she has been rapidly consuming life's candle for my sake, and I have hardly thanked her for it. Have really felt it her duty to do as she has rather than a favor.

'You see, when I was but a babe my father was taken from us, so that I never knew him. My mother, as best she could, took father's place, and nobly she has filled it. She saw in me, as every mother always sees in an only son, talents which if developed would make me famous. So after I had finished high school I was sent here to college to drink from its pure, invigorating stream of knowledge. I can see her now in that little home bending over the work which is to bring her a few pennies. Day after day, never resting, never complaining, she is always found at her post, cheerfully laboring for her boy.'

We had been slowly walking all this while and had reached the house. He continued:

'Why have I been in a trance all these years, and only now waking up to a full realization of the extent of the sacrifice and the depth of love of this dear mother of mine? Have I been void of conscience and cold at heart? I wonder if I am now aroused from this state of indifference in time to rectify my wrong? Is it possible for me to restore her to her normal physical condition, or to turn those snowy locks back to their natural brown? Could I, do you, suppose, remove those deep furrows from her brow, and replace the sparkle in the eye, the roses in her cheek, and also straighten the bend in her overstrained back? Oh, no, it is too late to do all that I would, but one thing I can do, I can be a man and instil into that dear old heart such joy and peace and comfort that she will feel that she has been given a new lease of life.'

While he was still speaking he sprang into the house to prepare to take the next train home. But he had not proceeded long, when a messenger boy brought to his door a telegram. With trembling hand he took the yellow envelope and as he opened it, said, 'I am afraid to read it. Something tells me it contains bad news.'

For a moment all was silent, save the ticking of the little clock. Presently Jack raised his head, and his large brown eyes glared like one beside himself. Then the floodgates of his heart gave way and he sobbed aloud, 'My dear mother is dead, and I am to blame.'

Nothing more was said for a half hour. Jack lay on the bed giving vent to his agony and grief by long, pathetic moans: I sat by the window, sharing his pain in a more subdued manner. At last I drew my chair to the bedside to offer my heartfelt sympathy for the loss he was suffering. I believed I could sympathize with him, because my own dear mother had been called home some little time before. I knew how deep the arrow of sorrow had pierced, and how insufficient to soothe and comfort words are at such times. But Jack's was one of those pitiful cases, and which, be it sad to say, comes before our observation almost daily, of a young man realizing too late that the best friend he has on earth is mother.

As I sat holding his hand in mine, I was reminded that Jack was a good example of that too great army of young men and women who allow their mothers to lavish upon them her purest love, to sacrifice the pleasures and comforts of home, to deny herself of many of the necessaries of life, and last, and worst of all, to endure the pain and heartache of unappreciative children. This will have served its purpose, if it be the means of prompting one neglectful son or daughter to profit by Jack's mistake, and henceforth be quick in showing an appreciation of mother's efforts, and a desire to lighten her burden and to brighten her life by strewing her heretofore thorny path with a profusion of beautiful flowers of love, never forgetting that when our Heavenly Father reaches down and severs the slender cord of life, you have lost the best friend you have on the earth—mother.

Useful Hints.

Light velvet and moquette carpets are greatly improved by a dry cleaning with cornmeal. Five or six pounds of the coarse, yellow variety will be sufficient for a good-sized room. Remove as much of the furniture as possible and have the carpet well covered with the dry cornmeal. Let this remain on over night, and the next morning have it swept off with a clean, new broom. You will be surprised at the dirt the meal will gather up and the grease it will absorb. Now take some clean meal, and with a new stiff scrubbing brush give the carpet a dry scrubbing, after which it should be swept again. Should there be any spots left, unless of ink, they will usually yield to a little scrubbing soap scraped and rubbed into the carpet with a small wet brush. Rinse these spots off by scrubbing them with the brush dipped into clean warm water.

Simplicity should characterize the dress of school-girls of fifteen years of age. A quiet resort where a young girl may enjoy simple pleasures and outdoor sports is more to be recommended than the publicity of any large hotel in a fashionable place. School-girls who pursue youthful amusements instead of taking part in the diversions of older persons will be far

AUTUMN OFFERS

To January 1, 1904.

DAILY WITNESS	only	25 cents.
WEEKLY WITNESS	only	10 "
WORLD WIDE	only	10 "
NORTHERN MESSENGER	only	5 "

Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

The subscription for WORLD WIDE includes postage to all parts of the world.

CLUBS.

DAILY WITNESS, WORLD WIDE and NORTHERN MESSENGER	35c	to Jan. 1, 1904.
WEEKLY " " " " "	20c	" "

Subject to postal conditions above.

Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
"Witness" Building, Montreal.

more attractive when they are grown up young women than those who have become too well accustomed to social pleasures.—'Delineator.'

Quick Graham Bread.—Two cups of sour milk, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one cup wheat flour, one egg, two level teaspoons soda sifted in the flour. Stiffen with graham flour. This makes two loaves.

NEW PATENT LAW.

The new law, assented to August 13, 1903, empowers the Commissioner of Patents to place certain patents under the Compulsory License System in lieu of the actual manufacture of the patented article, provided application is made before February 13th, 1904, in cases of patents granted before August 13th last.

The patents which are likely to be placed under the Compulsory License System are for: an art or process; improvements on a patented invention, when both patents are not held by the same persons; appliances or apparatus used in connection with railways, telegraph, telephone, and lighting systems and other works under the control of the public or large corporations, which are manufactured or constructed only to order and are not according to custom carried in stock.

The cost of preparing and filing a petition for the Commissioner's Order is ten dollars ($10.00) in all ordinary cases.

(Information furnished by Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.)

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.)

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c per copy.

The above rates include postage for Canada (excepting Montreal City), Nfld., U.S. and its Colonies, Great Britain, New Zealand, Transvaal, British Honduras, Bermuda, Barbadoes, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar.

For Montreal and foreign countries not mentioned above add 50c a copy postage.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

In all correspondence with advertisers in these columns, kindly mention the 'Messenger,' This will oblige the publishers of this paper as well as the advertiser.

The Combination Oil Cure for Cancer

Has the indorsement of the highest medical authority in the world. It would seem strange indeed if persons afflicted with cancers and tumors, after knowing the facts, would resort to the dreaded knife and burning plaster, which have hitherto been attended with such fatal results. The fact that in the last ten years over one hundred doctors have put themselves under this mild treatment shows their confidence in the new method of treating those horrible diseases. Persons afflicted will do well to send for free book giving particulars and prices of Oils. Address the home office, Dr. D. M. BYE CO., Drawer 505, Indianapolis, Ind.

50% COMMISSION.

Good Canvassers Wanted to push a Dollar Proposition on a 50 percent Commission.

It Appeals Strongly to the Best People in Every Locality.

No experience necessary. No deposit required. School teachers succeed well. Must furnish Minister's recommendation.

Address AGENT MANAGER.
P. O. Box 2234, Montreal.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

BEAUTIFULLY DRESSED DOLL FREE

Girls, would you like to have the prettiest Doll in the World for your very own? If so, send us your name and address on a **Post Card** and we will mail you postpaid, 8 large beautifully Colored Pictures, each 16 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages." These Pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. You sell them for only 25c each, and give a Free Certificate worth 60c to each purchaser, return us the money, and we will immediately send you **the most beautiful doll you have ever seen.** Dolly is 21 inches high, as big as a real baby, and has the loveliest, long, golden curly hair, pearly teeth, beautiful dark eyes, rosy cheeks and movable head, arms and legs, so that you can put her in any position you wish. Her handsome dress has an elegantly tucked white yoke ornamented with diamond set gold buttons, and is trimmed with beautiful bows of satin ribbon edged with lace and very full fine white ruching which is draped around the yoke in the latest style. A very large hat ornamented with gold buckles and trimmed with an immense white imitation Ostrich feather completes her costume. Dolly has also lovely underwear, all trimmed with elegant lace, stockings and cute little slippers ornamented with silver buckles. The picture shown here is an exact photograph of Dolly herself, but of course the real dolly is much prettier than her picture, because we can not show the lovely colors of her dress nor her beautiful eyes and hair in a photograph. **We know when you see her you will say she is the most beautiful doll you have ever seen.** Louise Nunn, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I am sorry that I have not written before to acknowledge my beautiful Doll, but I like her so much that I cannot leave her to write a note and tell you how pleased I am. All my little friends think she is just lovely." Mrs. Pearson, Yorkville Ave., Toronto, writes: "My little girl is highly delighted with her beautiful Doll and I am very much pleased with the honest way you treated her. I can hardly get her to lay her Dolly down, she likes it so much." Girls, remember this is the biggest, the most beautiful and the best dressed Doll ever advertised by any Company. There is nothing cheap about it from its head to its feet. You could not buy it at any store for less than **$2.00 cash,** and we want to give it to you absolutely free **for selling only 8 Pictures.** Could anything be easier? May Bruce, Hayesville, N.B., writes: I sold all the Pictures in a few minutes. They went like wildfire. Everybody said they were the nicest Pictures ever sold for 25c." Write us a **Post Card** to-day, and this beautiful dolly will be your very own in a few days. We don't want one cent of your money and we allow you to keep out money to pay your postage. THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 437, Toronto.

REAL CORAL NECKLACE, 54 INCHES LONG FREE

A handsome stylish ornament, all the rage amongst the fashionable people of Toronto at the present time. This beautiful Necklace is imported direct from Italy and is made up of **over 600** pieces of beautifully polished pink coral. (Real Coral **not imitation**) in many odd and curious shapes. Jewellers ask from $2.00 to $3.00 for this very same Coral Neck Chain, and we give it absolutely free for selling only 8 large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 22 inches, named "The Family Record," "The Angel's Whisper," and "Rock of Ages," at only 25c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.) These pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 different colors and are fully worth 50c. Write to-day and we will send you the pictures to sell, also a large picture of the Coral Necklace in colors, so that you can see for yourself how beautiful it is. Don't delay writing and in a few days you will be leading the style in your town as, so far, these handsome Necklaces have appeared only in the largest cities. The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 448, Toronto

PICTURE IS EXACT SIZE.

LADIES' GOLD WATCH FREE

Send us your name and address on a Post Card and we will mail you postpaid, 1 doz. large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages." These Pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 different colors and look fully worth 50c. You sell them for only 25c., and give a free Certificate worth 50c. to each purchaser; send us the money and we will send you this beautiful little Watch with 14K. Gold Finished Case, elaborately engraved in Solid Gold designs, fancy dial, dainty hands and reliable imported Swiss movement. It is undoubtedly the prettiest little Gold Watch ever given away. Myrtle Clyne, Walsingham Centre, Ont., writes: "I am well pleased with my Watch. It is a little beauty and far handsomer than I expected. I have been agent for other companies before, but never got such a lovely Premium." Ladies and Girls, write us to-day. We guarantee to treat you right. **The Colonial Art Co.,** Dept. 423 Toronto, Ont

WEEKLY WITNESS WORLD WIDE 35 Cts. to Jan. 1 1904.

'Trial trip' offer for these two weekly publications. Sample copies gladly sent on application. Ask any of the readers of these publications what they think of them.

Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs, or for foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies, Great Britain, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
MONTREAL

$5.00 VIOLIN FREE

We trust you with 7 large beautifully colored pictures, each 16 x 22 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ Before Pilate," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for only 25c. each, return us the money, and we will immediately send you this **powerful sweet-toned Violin,** full size, Stradivarius model, made of selected wood with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings. You could not buy this Violin in any store for less than $5.00, and we give it to you absolutely free for selling only 7 Pictures at 25c. each. N. McKenzie, Whitewood, N.C., said: "I am well pleased with my Violin. Everyone that sees it says it is worth $5.00." Mrs. Wm. Yorke, Two Islands, N.S., says: "I am perfectly delighted with my Violin. I was offered $5.00 for it the day I received it." We have only a limited number of these special Violins on hand. Don't put off writing until they are all gone, but let us hear from you at once. Everyone who purchases a picture from you gets a certificate worth 50c. free. **The Home Art Co.,** Dept. 470 Toronto.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. **Our Inventors' Help,** 125 pages, sent upon request. Marion & Marion, New York Life Bldg. Montreal; and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES ON CREDIT.

We trust you with 8 large beautifully colored pictures each 16x22 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ Before Pilate," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, **send us the money** and for your trouble we will send you a beautiful **Enamelled Watch**, with handsome silver nickel case on which a Deer is elegantly enamelled, the rich, brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and thoroughly reliable Watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive timepiece. T. F. Dunbar, Renfrew, Ont., said: "I received my watch all O.K., and sold it for $6.00 as soon as I got it. Thomas Best, Black River, Nfld., said: "Many thanks for the Watch. I am delighted with it. It is a dandy and keeps splendid time. All my friends think it is just grand." Write us a post card to-day and we will mail the pictures postpaid. To everyone who purchases a picture from you we will give a 50c. certificate free. **THE HOME ART CO., Dept. 469 Toronto.**

32 FUR CAPERINES FREE

These Caperines cost us $3.75 and we sold them all last winter for $4.75 cash. They are made of 1.00 quality, glossy black Alaska Seal, with 5-in. storm collar, **fancy bothsides** and 10-in. cape warmly padded, well lined and ornamented with 6 long full tails. Out of several hundreds of these elegant Caperines we have only 32 left, and as we wish to clear them out at once we have decided to give them away **absolutely free** for selling only 1 doz. of our large beautifully colored Pictures, 16x20 inches, named, "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record" and "Rock of Ages," at 25c. each (every purchaser gets a Certificate free). These Pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. Our agents are delighted with them. They sell so easily. This is a great chance for any lady or girl to get a magnificent warm Fur Caperine for the winter. Remember, there are only 32, so send for the Pictures at once or you will be too late. **Home Supply Co., Dept. 486 Toronto.**

Earn This Watch

with polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless wind, imported works, by selling at 10c. each only 15 **Glass Pens.** These pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. E. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **postcard** to-day and we will send you the pens postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **Pen Co., Dept. 468 Toronto.**

FREE MAGIC LANTERN

Just send us your name and address on a Post Card, and we will mail you postpaid, 5 large beautifully colored pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are beautifully finished in 12 different colors, and are well worth 50c. You sell them for only 25c. each, and give a free certificate worth 50c to each purchaser, return us the money and we will immediately send you this large, well made, finely finished Lantern, with 3 fine focusing lenses, an excellent reflector, and a large lamp which shows a strong, clear, white light, reproducing the pictures in a clear, distinct form on the sheet. With the Lantern we also send 12 beautifully colored slides illustrating about 72 different views, such as Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, Clown's performances, etc., etc., and full directions. Address, The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 476 Toronto.

HANDSOME WATCH FREE

for selling at 15c. each, only 10 25c. Canadian Home Cook Books, all nicely printed, beautifully bound and each one containing 739 choice Receipts. A Certificate worth 50c. given free with each Book. This handsome Watch has polished silver nickel case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and imported Swiss movement. Ralph Lamb, Chapleau, Ont., writes: "I am very proud of my beautiful watch. I would not trade with my father. I sold the Cook Books easily after school." Write us to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 432 TORONTO.**

FREE!

Ladies and Girls, You Can Earn This

Handsome Fur Scarf

In a Few Minutes

SEND your name and address, and we will mail you post paid 8 **large beautifully-colored Pictures 16 x 20** inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Simply to Thy Cross I Cling," to sell at 25c. each. We also give a 50c. certificate free to each purchaser. These pictures are handsomely finished in **12 colors**, and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. each. Every one you offer them to will buy one or more. When sold send us the money, and we will send you this

HANDSOME FUR SCARF

Over 40 inches long, 5 inches wide, made from selected full-furred skins with six fine full black tails, the very latest style. We know you will be more than pleased with it. Miss J. Boekers, Rossenberg, Can., said: "I write to thank you for the handsome fur scarf. It is just beautiful. I could not buy one like it in our store for $3.00." The regular price in all fur stores is $3.00, and they fully equal in appearance any $10.00 Fur Scarf. We could not think of giving them for so little, were it not that we had a great number made specially for us during the summer when the furriers were not busy. Ladies and girls, take advantage of this chance and write for the pictures to-day. We guarantee to treat you right, and will allow you to keep out money to pay your postage, so that your Fur Scarf **will not cost you one cent.** Address **THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dep. 481 Toronto.**

Free

Not One Cent to Pay.

32 HANDSOME FUR CAPERINES (Worth $6.50 Each) FREE

A Grand Bargain to clear out the last of an immense stock of High Class Furs.

These handsome Caperines cost us $3.75 each buying in large quantities for spot cash, and **we sold them all last winter for $4.95 cash** (less than wholesale price), but, as our stock is now reduced to only 32 and we expect our new supply to arrive shortly, we are going to give the whole of these 32 magnificent Caperines away **Free** for selling only 1 doz. of our large beautifully colored Pictures 16 x 20 inches, named "The Family Record," "The Angel's Whisper," and "Rock of Ages," at 25c. each. (A 50c. certificate free to each purchaser.) These beautiful Pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 different colors and are **fully worth 50c** Everyone you show them to will buy one or more. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this

Description.

This handsome Caperine is made of the finest quality glossy black Alaska Seal, with high turned up storm collar (fur on both sides), 5 inches wide and a warmly padded and beautifully lined cape, 9 inches wide, reaching over the shoulders, the whole ornamented with 6 long full furred tails as shown in the illustration. Black Alaska Seal is one of the most durable Furs known. It is very fine, soft and beautiful, and under ordinary conditions will give ten years of satisfactory wear. The Caperine is very warm and comfortable, handsome in appearance and adds a fine stylish and dressy effect.

Handsome Fur Caperine

that you would have to pay from **$6.00 to $8.00** for in any fur store. Ladies and Girls **don't miss the grandest chance you ever had in your life,** but write for the Pictures at once or you may be too late. We guarantee to treat you right, and will allow you to keep out money to pay your postage, so that **this magnificent Fur Caperine will not cost you one cent.** Address **The Home Supply Co.,** Dept. 447. Toronto

HANDSOME WATCH FREE

for selling at 25c. each only 6 large beautifully colored Pictures 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages," all handsomely finished in 12 colors and fully worth 50c. A Certificate worth 50c. will be given free with each picture. This handsome Watch has polished silver nickel case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and imported Swiss movement. Ralph Lamb, Chapleau, Ont., writes: "I am very proud of my beautiful watch and would not trade with my father." Boys, write us to-day and we will send you the Pictures to sell. **THE COLONIAL ART CO., DEPT. 468 TORONTO**

LADY'S ENAMELLED WATCH FREE

for selling only 20 large, beautifully Colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Simply to the Cross I Cling," at 25 cents each. Every purchaser gets a 50c. certificate free. These pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors, and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. This dainty and reliable Lady's Watch has Gold hands, fancy dial, is stem wind and set, with jewelled movement and solid silver nickel case with roses and leaves beautifully enamelled in natural colors. Agnes Patterson, Nanaimo, B.C., writes: "I was delighted to get such a surprise. It was always my ambition to have a watch, but such a little beauty as you sent me took us all by storm. All my companions are going to earn a watch like mine." We want every girl and lady who has not a watch already to write for the Pictures at once. Address, **THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 479 Toronto.**

PICTURES ON CREDIT

—NO SECURITY ASKED—

We send you 15 large beautifully colored pictures, each 16x22 inches named "The Angels Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilot," "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money, and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold-finished **Double Hunting Case** Watch, lady's or Gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported movement. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the pictures postpaid, also our large illustrated Premium List showing dozens of other valuable prizes. Address, Home Art Co., Dept. 468 T[illegible]

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, 15c. postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401. Toronto.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'